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ESTRANGED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EDITH BOUTILER.

He'd bring me fragrant violets,
And blossoms that were blue;
And teach the hidden meaning
In buds of rosy hue.
For pink was ardent passion,
And white affection pure;
And so in every fashion
Should love for me endure.

In lily's pallid splendor,
In purple hued hearts-ease,
Shone forth the lesson tender,
The mute desire to please;
And I, well I received them,
And in their love grew wise,
And kissed them, and believed them,
And hid them from all eyes.

So passed away the summer,
And in the autumn brown
Remained of bud and blossom,
A withered flower crown.
And autumn turned to winter,
And spring to summer changed,
But weeds had choked the garden,
And hearts had grown estranged.

I know the roses blossom,
I know the lilies blow,
And only purple hearts-ease
Was frozen in the snow.
But still I think one flower—
A blue forget-me-not—
In every future hour
Will be our common lot.

St. Leger's Love;

OR,

THE SIEGE OF STANWIX.

A Romance of the Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSWOOD," "SEALE, THE RECUT," "AGNES AYRE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE WHIRLWIND OF WAR.

It was a pleasant summer morning in the year 1777. The opening scene of our story is a pretty and prosperous-looking village, situated on the romantic Mohawk, some distance above the site of the present city of Rome.

On the dew-freshened earth fell the unclouded rays of the sun, lighting up the lovely spot with Heaven's own smiles. But while Nature was in her brightest and most peaceful mood, it was not so with the inhabitants of the village of which we speak; for, fair and secure as their situation apparently was, in reality it was one of anxiety and peril. They looked around upon their neat and comfortable homes; their fields, from which the harvest had just been gathered; their barns and shops and mills; but sighed as they beheld them, for they knew not how soon their crops would be destroyed by the invader's hand, their buildings given to the flames.

Toward the lower part of the one wide but somewhat irregularly built street of the village, was gathered a group of excited persons, young and old, and of both sexes, though no able-bodied men were to be seen, they having been called to the stern duties of citizenship in the field of war.

Anxiety was expressed in every countenance of that little assemblage, even the bravest and most cheerful endeavoring in vain to conceal their deep concern. Labor in every household had been suspended, and the entire population of the village had gathered to await the return of a reconnoitering party that had been sent out from the fort below to ascertain the truth of a rumored approach of the enemy. Old men talked gravely with each other; venerable dames in a sort of patient apprehension sat gazing upon the younger forms around them; mothers clasped their infants to their bosoms; and the older children crowded up, forgetting their play, and asking endless questions about Bloody Brant and cruel St. Leger.

"The bad men would not harm *you*, mamma, would they?" asked a sweet-voiced, blue-eyed little girl, whose appearance denoted that she was of parentage more refined than were the majority of the children by whom she was surrounded.

Her mother—a noble-looking woman with an air of unmistakable superiority, but without the slightest arrogance of demeanor—did not speak, but answered the innocent questioner with a look of deeper love, growing sick at heart as she reflected that just such darlings as hers had perished already in the cruel war.

Turning to a gray-haired man standing near, who, though not in military dress, had, as was evident from his officer-like appearance, been bred to the profession of arms, she thus addressed him:

"Would it not be best for us to seek the protection of the fort at once, Colonel Sayton? Why should we remain here until our enemies are actually upon us? Have we not had sufficient warning?"

"The men who have gone to seek the foe will be careful, I suppose, to give us timely notice of the approach of danger; and yet I agree with you, Mrs. Livingston, that in view of the alarming reports we have heard we ought not to delay much longer in abandoning the village. A sudden attack might prevent our safe retreat to the fort."

He spoke in a tone of deep solicitude that communicated further alarm to his listeners. They knew that though old old he was brave, and that it was not the trepidation of age that caused him to so express himself.

After a pause he resumed:

"I suppose it is thought that our proximity to the fort renders us comparatively safe—we can place ourselves within its walls at very short notice. And, as so many from more distant settlements have already

VAN CLEEKER DEFENDING HIS MILL FROM THE ATTACK OF THE INDIANS.

taken refuge there, the garrison must be somewhat burdened with their presence. The defences are being strengthened as rapidly as possible, and the men want abundant room to work. Again, it is necessary that up to the last moment supplies be obtained outside of the fort, as it will probably have to stand a long siege, and must be well prepared. It is true that foraging parties are accumulating a good store, yet, encumbered as the whole chain of forts along the Mohawk is with the families of settlers, the largest supply will be heavily drawn upon. It is well therefore to keep the people in the immediate vicinity of our stronghold in their homes as long as may be prudent; but, in our case, affairs have reached that limit already. Such are my views, and I shall suggest to Major Morgan the propriety of sending all non-combatants to the fort. He may think me timid or impertinent, but I shall hold to my point. Even by day the enemy by a sudden and bold push might cut us off from our friends and protectors at Stanwix."

The fine face of the veteran assumed an expression of annoyance and impatience as well as gravity as he thus spoke, and he evidently thought that sufficient consideration had not been given to the matter of the personal safety of those around him. The concluding portion of his remarks had been addressed somewhat aside to Mrs. Livingston, the patrician looking woman who had first spoken. He continued to converse with her, asking—

"Why did you return to us from Kingston at this period of peril? Why not remain where you were until the prospect brightened somewhat? You have come from comparative security to the very front of war."

"I know it, dear colonel, but how can you ask? Gertie was here, and—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the old officer, "I quite forgot that."

"And Edith, Lionel, and, last but not least, yourself, were all in this vicinity," continued Mrs. Livingston. "I naturally wished to be with my dearest friends, under the trying circumstances that threaten us. My anxiety would have been unendurable, apart from you."

"Thank you," said the colonel warmly, and with a slight blush. "You are very kind to include me among your dearest friends. If I were only a younger man, I might be of some service as a protector."

"The Indians, mamma," at this juncture chimed in little Blue-eyes, catching the dreaded word from the mouth of a bystander, "*they* wouldn't hurt us, would they? Why, Sequoit is an Indian." The child's faith seemed to be that everybody was as good and innocent as herself.

"Yes, a friendly Indian, Gertie—an Oneida," said her mother. "Would that they were all as true as he."

"Put tey ain't, tat's what tey are," blubbered a voice in response to the lady's words. "Oh, Goot Lort! I wonders when dish will all end! Putler ish comin,' and Prant ish comin' and St. Leger ish comin' and I don't know how menty more. Oh, what will pecome of Apraham and me!"

These exclamatory lamentations came from a ruddy faced damsel of unmistakable Dutch derivation, even if her atrocious accent had not proclaimed it. Her solicitude appeared to extend only to herself and her lover, a young man named Abraham Van Shoost. A very verdant couple they were, whose gushing and undisguised fondness for each other had made them the butt of much amusing raillery, which they usually accepted as flattery. Catherine Coot was not a particularly useful member of the community, nor was her lover, except when he could employ himself in driving an ox team, for which occupation he had a fondness and a genius. Apart from this he was of little account—except to Catherine.

"I hafe not seen him dis morning!" cried she, breaking out anew. "Oh, I am afraidt he will be kilt!"

"And what if he is?" demanded one of the women present, who had no great liking for the selfish pair. "He is of no use. I am sure—the great cowardly fellow!"

Catherine, who was all good nature, looked more hurt than angered at this plain speech.

"Oh, can ennypoddy say dat?" she cried in an injured tone. "Apraham ish no very prave man, I know. He was padly skeert when he was a paby, and he never got over it. You all know dat. But he makes up for it in pein' goot."

"In being gumpish," muttered the woman contemptuously.

"Hush! hush!" interposed one who feared that real bitterness of feeling might grow out of further proceeding in that line. "Let us have no contention, no unkind words at this hour. God knows we have enough to contend against outside."

The sobered look that had briefly given way, returned to the countenances of all as this was said. The silence that ensued was broken quickly, however, by the demonstrative Catherine, to whom it rather comically occurred to ask why St. Leger should be called a saint.

"He ish ter tuyfel himself, I do peleeve! Such tings as he has tun! Oh, Goot Lordt!"

"Calm yourself, Miss Coot," spoke the grey-haired man who formed the central figure of the group. "Such expressions are not calculated to give you courage nor are they profitable in any way. You must learn to control yourself. Our enemies are doubtlessly very cruel, but we have not Satan himself to contend against. And even if we had, the Lord is on our side I trust," he said solemnly.

He was about to speak further and advise those assembled around him to disperse for the time and give some attention to their personal necessities, when an excited exclamation drew the attention of all in another direction.

"What has occurred?" cried one.

"A messenger—one of the scouts—is coming in. Two or three others are following him. They ride as if pursued. See! more are in their rear!"

Confusion and terror fell upon the villagers as they observed the furious approach of the horsemen.

"To the fort! to the fort!" cried the latter, as they rode madly up the street. "The enemy is coming—will be here before you can escape them, unless you hasten."

"It is as I feared," sighed the venerable companion of Mrs. Livingston. Then springing to instant action, he endeavored to direct the panic-stricken people in their flight, urging them to depart for the fort at once, instead of running wildly about uttering distracting cries and doing all the mad things a frightened crowd of human beings will under such circumstances.

"Where are your comrades?" he demanded of those who had given the alarm.

"Holding the attacking force in check. Hark! firing has commenced already."

It was a man in the uniform of a Continental captain who gave this answer.

"Direct these people to the fort, colonel, toward it at least, and a detachment of the garison will probably meet you. This attack is sudden and unexpected, but there may yet be time to save every person. Strange that the women and children were not removed ere this!"

"It is too late to regret that now," said the gray-haired colonel. "I will do what I can to help them."

The whole population of the settlement was now pouring from the place, and under the guidance of two or three cool heads, hastened toward the sheltering stronghold.

Sharp firing was heard in their rear—and to add to the terror of the fugitives, the warwhoop of the savages rose on the air.

The distance to the fort was not great, and if their retreat was not interrupted, and the advance of the foe was not too rapid, the defenceless crowd would yet escape.

It was of course necessary to abandon their personal effects—such as had not already been removed or concealed by burying—as spoils to the enemy, though in the bewildering terror of the moment some of the fugitives endeavored to bear off with them articles which not only encumbered their flight, but were really of little value. The majority, however, hurried wildly along, with blanched, fear-filled faces, thinking not so much of their own safety as of that of their husbands, fathers and brothers who stood between them and the foe.

At this point, before following the fortunes of individuals who will become known to the reader in the course of this narrative, it may be well to pause and take a brief view of the general situation at the period of the commencement of our story.

The campaign of 1777 had been opened on the part of the British Government with extraordinary and boding preparations. Burgoyne had landed in Canada, and set out upon that well-conceived and threatening expedition that had for its object the separation of the two great sections of the rebellious colonies, and the complete overthrow of the patriots in the North. He was already well on his way down the lakes Champlain and George; and the indications were discouragingly strong that in a few more weeks the whole valley of the Hudson would be subjugated, and his victorious legions joined with those of General Clinton at New York.

The colonies, thus divided midway as it were, and kept from co-operation, it was thought would afterward be easily and quickly reduced to submission.

As part of this plausible and ominous programme, a branch expedition was to descend from Canada by way of the Mohawk, attack and reduce Fort Stanwix at the head of that river, and after conquering the whole of that beautiful valley, to join the main army of invasion at Albany.

The barbarous feature of these expeditions, and the one that awakened the greatest terror of the patriots and their most intense hatred of the mother country—or government rather—was the employment of the savages as allies, who in their warfare spared neither age, sex or condition. The ordinary atrocities of war were thus added to until the condition of the invaded population became sickening to contemplate.

To Colonel St. Leger had been entrusted the command of the expedition from Oswego. He had descended from that point, after arousing and inciting the Indians of the Six Nations to join his standard, and Sir John Johnson, with many loyalists and other Indians had joined him in his advance against Fort Stanwix.

The assailants were thickly gathering in the region above the fort. Within its walls every preparation was making for a protracted siege. The scouts and spies of both armies had already met in skirmishes, but until the morning of the attack we have referred to, no serious collision had taken place.

The inhabitants of the settlements above the fort had generally retired to its protection, with the exception of those of the one village to which the attention of the reader has been directed.

They, relying upon their nearness to the fort to enable them to seek its shelter upon the first alarm, had unfortunately become the victims of an attack that should have been made upon empty dwellings only.

Leaving the mass of the fugitives to make their way to the fort as best they may, we will follow the gray-haired colonel—who had well won his title in the Seven Years' War—Mrs. Livingston and her little daughter. This lady was the widow of an officer who had joined the patriot army at the commencement of active hostilities, and who had fallen early in the struggle. She was a woman of culture, character and position, the possessor of large, though now imperilled wealth, who had come with her husband to that remote settlement from one of the gayest centres of civilization. Circumstances had made the change desirable, and though born and bred amid the surroundings of opulence, Mrs. Livingston with all the flexible strength of a true nature had adapted herself to her new situation. She who had led in society—who was the worthy associate of the brilliant and refined—had proved herself not too proud to lead in the narrower circle of frontier life. Admired, loved and looked up to by those who knew their inferiority, she had never arrogated to herself social authority, but bore herself with the dignity, gentleness and sweetness that distinguish true breeding and genuine excellence.

"Give your attention more to the others, colonel—and to yourself," she said as she hastened along, when the gallant old officer returned to her side. "Gertie and I can take care of ourselves. See! we are in advance of many of the poor frightened creatures, as *I* would not be if it were not for my child."

"And as *I* would not be," returned the colonel, "were it not for my solicitude for the safety of you both. You are under my special care, you know," he added with something like a smile.

"But consider your infirmity, colonel."

"I am forced to do that, or I should call myself a coward for not being in the field."

They glanced behind them at this moment, as a wilder and more despairing cry reached their ears.

"Our men are overpowered!" cried the colonel. "And see, the village is already fired!"

It was too true. Slowly into the calm, bright air of morning rose dense curling volumes of smoke from burning hay-ricks and deserted homes. Through the writhing blackness of the uplifting mass darted quick, fierce flashes of flame, presenting a most terrifying spectacle.

"Oh! it is cruel," groaned Mrs. Livingston. "But if we can only escape with our lives we should be thankful. Hasten, Gertie; faster, if you can."

"Oh, mamma!" panted the terrified child, now so thoroughly alarmed as almost to lose her powers of locomotion. Noting her daughter's condition, the noble mother caught her in her arms, and with a strength born of the excitement of the hour, bore her thus along.

"Yield her to me!" cried Colonel Sayton, endeavoring to relieve Mrs. Livingston of her precious burden.

"No—no! assist some of the others."

They had by this time approached a point where the rough road forked, offering two routes to the fort.

Mrs. Livingston took the upper.

"Not that," shouted her companion; "the other is nearer."

"I must go by the Seymours". Edith is ill, and I wish to know that she is carefully removed."

"Noble woman!" ejaculated the colonel to himself, "to think of others beside her child in such an hour as this."

In a few moments the fugitives approached a large, castle-like stone house, handsomely situated on an eminence overlooking the river, and betokening by its appearance that it was the home of wealth and refinement.

A number of persons were moving excitedly in and out of the mansion as the flying crowd came up.

"Have you heard the alarm?" demanded Colonel Sayton, who still accompanied Mrs. Livingston, assisting her in bearing the frightened Gertrude.

The question, though a natural one, was unnecessary, for nothing was needed to show that the intelligence of the approach of the foe was known.

"Yes, yes," responded a half dozen of trembling voices from servants and others.

"And Miss Seymour—where is she?"

A momentary silence ensued before the answer was returned:

"In her chamber, too ill to remove, the doctor says."

Colonel Sayton groaned.

"My God! what results are to follow the neglect and inadvertencies of these people! We have all stood on the brink of danger too long. What can be done? Can the house be defended against an attack?"

"It is thought so," spoke a voice with something like composure in its tones. "At least until a detachment from the fort relieves us. Will you enter?—you and the lady? See, there come our men retreating now! You cannot reach the fort on foot without the risk of being overtaken by pursuers."

"That is evident," said the colonel. "Mrs. Livingston, we must take our chances here for awhile."

They entered at the rear door—the grand front entrance being already barricaded—and proceeded to one of the upper chambers.

"I shall at least be with Edith," reflected Mrs. Livingston, though not without a sigh. "Poor girl! if she is so ill that she cannot with safety be removed, I fear the excitement of a siege will kill her, even if she should be spared another form of death. Can I be shown to her apartment?" she asked of a servant.

Receiving a reply in the affirmative, she went to the chamber of her sick friend, first giving Gertie for the time into the care of Colonel Sayton.

Meanwhile all below was confusion and hurried preparation for defence. Only a few of the villagers had taken refuge in the mansion, the majority preferring to attempt to reach the more promising shelter of the fort. Some of the scouts and rangers covered the retreat of the fugitives, others remained to assist in repelling the enemy, should they, as it was presumed they would, attempt to make themselves masters of Seymour Hall.

CHAPTER II.

WOUTER VAN CLEEKER.

The abandoned village had been fired at several points by the tories and the savages, for of such the attacking force was composed. Looking back, the fugitives could see the red flames leaping higher in the air, driving and flaring now in the strong current that a conflagration always causes.

From the north and west windows of Seymour Hall the sad sight could be witnessed in all its fullness; and many and bitter were the execrations of the settlers as they beheld their pleasant homes thus given to destruction.

Some rods below the village, on the bank of a creek that there joined the Mohawk, stood a new grist-mill, the property of one of the men who had taken refuge in the Hall, and the pride of its owner. It was indeed a valuable possession; and Wouter Van Cleeker, by whose industry and enterprise it had been erected and operated, deplored extremely its anticipated destruction. Not that he was unwilling to bear his share of loss—for he was a gallant and unselfish young fellow—but he knew the worth of such a structure to the community, and had hoped to grind a few more grists for his fellow-patriots ere he was forced to abandon it. He would have been patriotic enough to apply the torch to the mill himself, had such an act been necessary to prevent it doing service for the enemy.

"Will they fire the mill?" asked one of the little garrison of Seymour Hall.

"They will rob it first; there's more than one bag of grain and barrel of flour to be had there, is there not, Wouter?"

"Not a large stock, by any means—but more than I like to see go to feed those rascals yonder. I could grind glass for them with all my heart; but I don't like the idea of furnishing flour for red-coats, red-skins and tories."

"It's a bad business," remarked another.

"If I could only pop over one or two of the villains who fire the mill—for fire it they will, when they're done plundering—it would be some satisfaction. I have a mind to try," said young Van Cleeker.

"What do you mean?" asked one of the scouts. "You can't reach 'em with a rifle from here, or *I* would have tried before this."

"I will venture out," said Wouter, coolly. His companions stared at him in surprise.

"Are you going mad, Van Cleeker!" demanded one, rather as if he really thought so.

"*Going* mad! I *am* mad; mad as a Dutch Governor ever was; to stand here and see my new mill robbed and burnt. With our commander's permission, I will slip out and see if I can't relieve myself a little."

"You will be relieved entirely, if you leave these walls at present," said Captain Hale, who was in command of the party.

A grim smile accompanied his remark, and he evidently considered the young miller's proposition a preposterous one. But the latter was fully in earnest, and made a movement to withdraw as if to do as he had declared he would.

"Why, man, you will be shot and scalped in less than no time, if you go outside. If the attacking force is as strong as we have reason to suppose it is, we shall be besieged here in a very brief time. Night is the red-skin's day, I know, and if none but savages were near, we should be safe until darkness come; but there are tories yonder, and regulars, too, for aught I know—St. Leger's whole army can't be far away." "Will you go now?"

"Yes," answered Wouter quickly and determinedly.

"Then go!" cried the captain, quite exasperated by such an exhibition of what he regarded as mere foolhardiness.

Van Cleeker smiled rather peculiarly as he turned to depart, saying:

"If you'll only let me in when I return, I will ask no more."

"A dead man will be of no use to us," answered Hale with grim suggestiveness.

The young man passed on, never heeding the meaning of this remark. Accompanied by two or three of those who were present

when he had asked permission to leave the Hall, he descended to the lower floor and prepared to venture out. His rifle was carefully loaded, and he hung a dangerous-looking knife in his belt.

"It may come to close quarters," he remarked, "though I don't desire that."

As above stairs, so it was below; every one thought him rash, and protested against his going.

"I can slip out here at the rear, creep along under the shelter of yonder bushes, get within rifle shot of the mill, and pick off one of the thieves before they know it. I *can't* stay here and see everything go, and get nothing for it. Open there, please; I must hurry or I'll lose my chance."

The door was opened after a careful reconnoisance from the windows above, and, with a parting look of audacious daring, Wouter was gone.

The moment the entrance closed behind him every one who knew of his departure regretted that he had been permitted to pass out. But it was too late now.

"Van Cleeker is brave—we all know that," said one of the older men; "but why need he make a sacrifice of himself? We did wrong to let him go. It is well his wife knows nothing of this—poor thing! he might have stayed on her account."

"The fellow was simply beside himself with rage and excitement, cool as he appeared," spoke another. "And we were fools to open the door for him."

Whatever was the impelling motive of young Van Cleeker's action, he certainly conducted himself, after leaving his friends, with becoming coolness and caution.

Reaching the creek, he passed along the bank of it, keeping himself in the cover of its alders and willows, until he reached a spot not distant from the mill. He was soon lost to the sight of those who were now regretting that they had permitted him to leave them, and not one of his friends ever expected to see him alive again.

Wouter, from his place of concealment, keenly watched the proceedings of those who had entered his mill. Indians and tories were busily at work, bringing out sacks of grain and flour, and loading them into wagons they had stolen from the settlers. He even discovered a fine span of horses—his own property—which he had been forced to abandon in the suddenness of the attack; the team being at the village when the alarm was sounded. The animals were in the hands of one of his former neighbors—an implacable tory, who on one occasion had come to grief through the insolence of his bearing toward the patriotic young miller.

The sight of his favorite team in the possession of such a man—harnessed to bear off stolen property at that—was more than Van Cleeker could well bear. He raised his rifle, and would have fired, had not his attention just then been directed elsewhere. A bright light suddenly gleamed from the lower windows of the mill, and he knew that the marauders having taken all they desired or could remove, had applied the torch to the building. From his hiding place he saw two or three brawny savages moving rapidly about, touching their blazing brands at different places.

"You are making a sure thing of it, you red wretches," he said to himself, with a yet bitterer feeling arising in his heart. "I will also make a sure thing of one of you."

Again he raised his weapon, this time not to lower it until it was discharged.

The report rang loudly out, and one of the Indians with a yell of mortal agony bounded forward and fell—tumbled fairly upon the ground, to Van Cleeker's great satisfaction; the more so as he knew that his watching friends could plainly observe the fatal effect of his shot. He imagined he faintly heard a cheer from the direction of the Hall, in recognition of and applauding his deed.

Springing from his covert the moment he observed the savage fall, he commenced a rapid but cautious retreat, well knowing the necessity of keeping himself out of the view of enemies who might be in his rear or on either side. Hastening backward a few paces he then paused, and looked around in every direction. He saw no enemies but those in front, and even they appeared not to have discovered the whereabouts of their audacious foe. The smoke from his rifle had dissolved in the air, and seemingly without first betraying his presence.

The savages, greatly alarmed by the death of their comrade, were pouring from the burning building and springing to coverts for protection, as if they feared other shots to follow. At this juncture a tall half-breed Indian mounted on a large gray horse, rode up and gave a few rapid orders to the others. He formed a very conspicuous object, mounted as he was, and exposing his person with apparent disdain of danger.

A fierce, vengeful light of recognition blazed in the brave young miller's eyes.

"'Tis Brant himself, by all that's bloody!" he gasped, excitedly to himself. "Oh! if I could only get a shot at *him!*"

The temptation was too great to be withstood. Crouching in a dense tangle of briars and bushes, he re-loaded his gun with all possible haste, and then eagerly glanced to see if the famous chief was still in sight.

Aye! there he remained, his cruel face turned directly toward the young patriot, as if he saw and defied him.

The excitement of the strong-nerved miller was terrible—and for the first time in his life he felt a tremor as his fingers pressed the trigger of his weapon.

"Oh! if I only can kill bloody Brant!" was his thought.

He fired.

At the instant the weapon was discharged, unfortunately for the marksman, but fortunately for his intended victim, the latter stooped forward a little to address one of his warriors. The movement saved his life; and the bullet, missing its mark, cut away a bunch of feathers that the Indian captain wore as a portion of his head-dress.

Van Cleeker groaned as if he had received a fatal ball, as he saw that the man was unharmed.

His disappointment was most bitter—had he slain the dreaded chieftain, what a service he would have rendered to the patriot cause! what fame he would have won for himself! He would have given his own life, could he have taken that of Brant.

But there was no time for a third shot, nor for indulgence in his chagrin. If he would save himself he must act quickly, for the savages were now doubly aroused and enraged, and this time the smoke-puff from his rifle did not escape their attention. The chieftain himself dashed toward the hiding-place of the reckless miller, uttering a wild yell that was swelled to a hideous burst of sound by the added cries of his followers.

The progress of Brant was intercepted by a high log fence, and Van Cleeker was enabled in consequence to continue his retreat without being pursued by horsemen. He had not proceeded far, however, before he found to his dismay that a party of his enemies—tories, not savages—had placed themselves between him and the Hall. They were loaded with plunder, and their discovery of him appeared to be accidental, but none the less hostile were their intentions on that account.

Our hero—for hero he certainly was—changed his course, still managing to keep under the shadow of a line of friendly wood.

Further away, the bands of the spoilers were scattered in all directions, for not content with plundering the houses and barns, they were driving the horses from the fields and the cattle from the meadows. In consequence of this dispersion of the enemy, Van Cleeker saw that his chance of reaching the Hall was narrowed down to a very dubious possibility. He concluded that instead of making a bold push for his friends, his best course would be to endeavor to secrete himself for the time in the wood. He hoped that the search for a single enemy would not be so thorough as to make his capture a certainty; since there was so much to attract the notice of his pursuers elsewhere.

Spying a hollow log that offered him good concealment, he crawled into the mouldering aperture presented, first carefully reloading his rifle. In this position he anxiously awaited further developments.

As for those at the Hall, they had wholly given him up for dead.

We return to our friends at that place—to Mrs. Livingston as she entered the chamber of Edith Seymour.

CHAPTER III.

EDITH SEYMOUR.

Very gently Mrs. Livingston approached the bedside of the sick one. She expected to find her unconscious—almost hoped to, since in that case the sufferer would know nothing of the alarming position in which the inmates of the Hall were placed; but, as she came near, a sweet, pale face turned to here, with a faint, joyous smile, and a delicate white hand endeavored to extend itself in greeting.

Mrs. Livingston, with difficulty repressing the tears that were ready to start from her eyes, made a gentle gesture enjoining quiet, and silently pressed the fevered palm of her friend.

It is painful to behold a dear form extended on a couch of pain, even when the surroundings are such as to favor speedy recovery; when peace reigns without as well as within, and nothing interrupts the tender ministration of friends and physician. What then must be the feelings of loving hearts when one endeared to them—as Edith Seymour was endeared to all who knew her—is stricken with disease under such appalling circumstances as we have described.

"My dear, dear Edith!" murmured Mrs. Livingston, feeling as if her heart would burst with the might of her emotion.

"My dear, true friend!" returned the other with warmth that struggled to give itself full expression.

The physician—or surgeon rather—who had remained to attend the sick girl, at this moment entered the apartment. He greeted Mrs. Livingston hurriedly, but very respectfully, and then surveyed the face of his patient with searching earnestness.

"You are better, Miss Seymour," he said confidently and with a brightening look. "I can bring you out of this danger—if—if—"

He faltered, and turning to Mrs. Livingston then resumed:

"Miss Seymour is entirely acquainted with the perils of our position, and no concealment of facts is necessary. She is not one, as you well know, to shrink from knowledge of the danger that menaces us all, feeble and suffering as she is."

The latter sentence was spoken in a tone so low that it did not reach his patient's ears. Raising his voice, he continued, still addressing Mrs. Livingston:

"She is already convalescent, but unfortunately her ailments are of such a character as to forbid her removal at the present moment, even if that were possible. By to-morrow she may be in a condition to be transferred to the fort, that is," he concluded, very gravely, again dropping his voice, "if the events to happen between that time and this leave any of us alive."

"Where is Gertie?" inquired Edith, as the surgeon ceased speaking, noting the absence of the little girl.

"Safe below," answered the mother; and then she shuddered at the very mockery of the word she had used. *Safe!* alas, for the hour, the moment only.

"I will retire and leave my patient in your care," said Dr. Barton. "You may converse with her, as I know you will be discreet, and I think an exchange of sympathies and words, such as the heart naturally desires to give in such an hour as this, is better for her than constrained quiet."

"Thank you, doctor," said Mrs. Livingston feelingly, grateful that she had been so well understood.

Bowing, the kindly surgeon withdrew.

"Oh, Edith, dear Edith, I should have come to you sooner; I should have insisted upon your removal to the fort. I did advise it, you know, when I saw you early this morning, but Dr. Barton said you could not be conveyed there without great suffering and the risk of a fatal relapse; and besides, the crowded and noisy condition of the fort, its unwholesome atmosphere and the higher temperature of the place, render it unfit for one like you to be in, except in the direst extremity. That extremity has arrived, and here you still are, exposed to to every danger."

"But I would be in danger at the fort also; it will be besieged" said the sick girl in a tone more comforting and patient than appeared possible under such sad circumstances. "Perhaps all is for the best."

"But your weakness, dear Edith—your bodily weakness, I think of that. This excitement must be terrible for you."

"I am prostrated, but can bear much yet. I am a soldier's daughter, you know. If our enemies only refrain from doing me personal violence, I am sure I can endure the rest. My very weakness is a sort of protection."

Mrs. Livingston sighed, but seeing her friend so cheerful, and knowing that lamentation over their situation was useless, took better heart herself.

"You are braver than I, Edith," she said, "sick and suffering as you are. But I blame myself for this dreadful delay, and I feel guilty of neglect—criminal neglect in going to the village at all."

"Not another word of such reproach for yourself," pleaded Edith. "You pain me. I know you were patriotically engaged there; and besides, the attack was so sudden that we would have been unable to reach the fort even with your earlier presence. The Hall will be defended, will it not? The foe may be driven off yet, unless St. Leger's whole force is approaching."

"The latter is the case, I fear. The savages and tories appear to be more numerous as yet, and they are more to be dreaded—I speak plainly, Edith—"

"That is right; let me know the very worst."

"Are more to be dreaded than the regulars. The latter may possess some humanity. I think it probable therefore that the Hall will be defended until the arrival—Ah!"

A startling discharge of firearms from an adjoining apartment interrupted the speaker. She turned her eyes, which had been momentarily directed from her companion at the sharp report of the volley, with the most distressed anxiety once more upon her to note the effect of the alarming sound. She saw in Edith's countenance a wonderful calmness, that had succeeded the first involuntary startled look of fear, caused by the suddenness of the discharge.

We may here pause to introduce Edith Seymour more fully to the reader.

She was the daughter of a gallant Continental officer, who, like the husband of Mrs. Livingston, had fallen early in the service of his country. This and coincidence was one of the causes that drew the lovely orphan—her mother had died years before—so closely to the latter; though there was another and stronger—apart from the natural attraction natures like theirs have for each other—as we shall in due time learn.

Edith, like her friend, was patrician born, the heiress of a large estate, which like Mrs. Livingston's, was imperilled by the action of her father in arraying himself on the side of liberty and resistance to tyrants. But pecuniary considerations would never have induced Edith Seymour to hesitate in taking a woman's part—no insignificant part—in the glorious struggle for right and independence. Hers was a free, strong, buoyant spirit that led her to hate oppression and to deeply sympathize with the efforts of her countrymen to throw off the yoke of British servitude. Though an aristocrat by birth, she despised not the people, but entered heart and soul into the warfare against privilege, extortion and injustice. She was beloved by every patriotic citizen of the settlement, to the humbler of whom she had especially endeared herself by numberless little acts of uncalculating attention and kindness.

Who has not observed how a pure, proud, patrician spirit, if it be only loving and humane, can wind itself about the hearts of those who are not only its inferiors, but are proud to acknowledge themselves as such? Common humanity is always glad to see something that seems brighter and better than itself, provided contempt, disdain and condescension mark not the bearing of the latter toward it. But a false heart, a hard nature and self-approved superiority are quickly detected and disliked.

Edith Seymour possessed nothing of these, and being in every respect all that the great, good common mass of humanity delight to admire, she of course had become the pride of the settlement. The rough hand of the frontiersman rejoiced to receive the dainty but true pressure of her own; the settler's daughter beheld her grace and beauty without a thought of envy; and the bashful border youth was enraptured by her notice, and loved her without a dream of possession.

The young men of the settlement—and for that matter the older ones too—seeing her devoted and ethusiastic support of the patriot cause, were more strongly than ever inclined that way themselves; and marched with lighter step, endured with less complaint and fought with braver hearts, all because of the sweet, insensible influence of Edith Seymour.

Such was the heroine of this tale—and she was no impossible personage—no mere character of the imagination, but a warm, living presence whose counterpart was often to be met with in those days, and can be found even in the unromantic present.

It may be asked why, since she was so beloved by all, and all should have been solicitous for her safety, that, in view of her unfortunate illness, greater care had not been taken to prevent her from being placed in the perilous situation in which we find her.

The truth was, the people of the settlement rested under a false sense of security. They had been so often causelessly alarmed that they grew indifferent to the idea of danger. Familiarity does indeed breed contempt.

Besides, in Miss Seymour's case, her removal to the fort had been delayed on account of the inferior accommodations that could there be provided her. Her own home was a castle-like structure, and as careful guard had been maintained around it, little fear had been felt of predatory attack. Not till that sudden and resistless advance upon the settlement did a realizing sense of the perils of delay come upon the people. Loss of life, loss of property had been the result already of such neglect; what further loss of both must ensue, the now few, fateful hours must determine.

In a short time after the discharge of rifles, already mentioned, from the Hall, Dr. Barton re-entered the room.

His face was very pale, and he evidently had no good news to communicate.

"What has occurred, doctor?" inquired Mrs. Livingston anxiously. "Has the assault commenced?"

"I might as well inform you," he answered gloomily; "you must know soon. The enemy have got between us and the fort, cutting off the hope of succor therefrom, unless a sally is made in force. That, it is feared, the commander will not do, for it is now believed the main body of the enemy is near, and Colonel Gansevoort must be careful of his men; he has none to sacrifice."

"Heaven protect us!" ejaculated Mrs. Livingston. "Edith, do you comprehend?"

But Edith did not; she had fainted from sheer exhaustion the moment the surgeon had entered the room. She lay very quiet, and the two had not observed her condition.

CHAPTER IV.

VAN CLEEKER TRIUMPHANT.

Wouter Van Cleeker—from his hiding-place in the hollow log—heard the cries of the savages and tories around him, but did not dare to peer out, further than to assure himself that no enemy was visible in front. He had crawled into the fallen trunk backwards, so that his position enabled him to watch the approaches to his place of concealment in at least one direction.

"I might as well have gone in headforemost, for all the chances of escape I have," reflected the indomitable Dutchman. "But no; that would have prevented another shot. I'll have *that* anyhow. Hark! there is firing near the Hall! I'm afraid there'll be none too many to fight the enemy off. And Miss Edith sick too! Perhaps I had better remained with the others; but if I had only killed that scoundrel half-breed I would be satisfied. How am I to reach the Hall? I cannot—it is surrounded; my aim must be for the fort."

His reflections were cut short by the sound of approaching voices. Grasping his weapon and peeping cautiously out, he saw indistinctly through the tangle of briars the forms of a number of his tory foes.

"If they discover me I am lost," he said to himself; "but not to the man that sees me first. *He* goes too."

But the men near him were evidently thinking more of plunder than prisoners; they appeared to be dividing some stolen goods, and made no amiable division of the spoil, for the tones of their voices—Van Cleeker could not distinguish their words—indicated altercation.

Counting the figures before him, he ascertained that there were five of the tories, with two horses, one of which he recognized as belonging to his neighbor, Peter Van Shoost, father of the betrothed of Catherine Coot.

"Abraham will have nothing but his oxen now to drive," he thought with a smile, yonder is the old man's only nag. How long the oxen will be left is uncertain, for they like beef at the fort." We may remark in explanation that Abraham Van Shoost, son of Peter aforesaid, being too cowardly to be induced to serve as volunteer, had, with his ox-team, been impressed into the service of his country as drawer of wood, water and other supplies at the fort—a position much more to his taste than duty in the field.

A daring thought entered the mind of the redoubtable Wouter as his eyes rested upon the horses in possession of the tories—Peter Van Shoost, though a fearfully slow man himself, drove a spirited nag, and the other was spirited-looking too.

"If I can only get on the back of one of those animals, I'll have a lively ride before I die," thought Van Cleeker.

But five armed men stood between him and that possibility, and how could they be overcome by a single individual, brave and daring even as the young miller? Moreover the horses were loaded with bed-ticks, filled with plunder, and it might not prove an easy thing either to remove the load or to ride off with it. Yet Wouter still cast envious glances toward the horses; if he could only recover them, even without the stolen goods, he would have some satisfaction to console him for the loss of his mill and its contents.

"If I get back to my friends," he thought, "I wouldn't like to return empty-handed, or they will call me a fool for going. I must say that they wouldn't be far wrong, but a fool who wins is as good as a wise man who fails."

Wouter, it will be seen, was something of a philosopher, and like other philosophers he could be guilty of very absurd actions. He peered out of his retreat again, this time observing to his infinite satisfaction that three of the men were departing, while the other two, with the loaded horses, still held contention over some articles before them.

"You thieves! you villains!" muttered Wouter in a deep deadly breath; "you make war, you murder, for plunder only. You shall die as you deserve to. You shall have a few moments of life—while your comrades, unwittingly fortunate, are taking themselves off; so bargain while ye may. Little shall it profit which wins."

And there, unsuspecting the presence of an outraged and desperate foe—knowing nothing of the awful danger that menaced them—the two tories wrangled over the articles that neither would soon be alive to own.

The sharp, close report of Van Cleeker's rifle interrupted their miserable altercation—settled their dispute forever.

One of the men fell back with a ball in his brain, and before the other could recover from the confusion the sudden assault caused him, Wouter was upon him with the spring of a panther.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECALLED TO LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY J. M. MALONE.

Near the close of the summer of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, a terrible epidemic of a malignant character, prevailed throughout all the great cities of the south, attacking thousands without regard to wealth or position, and invariably resulting in a speedy fatality. Men fled wildly before the dreadful scourge; business places were closed and business entirely suspended; whole blocks of the most palatial mansions were totally deserted or used as lazar-houses; and hardly enough people remained behind to bury the dead. In vain did medical science exert itself to discover the true nature of the disorder; in vain did physicians attempt to allay its terrible ravages; for work and toil as they might, the scourge broadened and broadened, until finally, consumed by its own impetuous violence, it gradually died out.

One sultry afternoon in August, during this reign of terror, and whilst the epidemic was raging at its highest, I sat alone in my office smoking and cogitating upon the all-absorbing theme of the day, when my reverie was suddenly cut short by the abrupt and unceremonious entrance of my friend Charley Wetmore, who, like myself, was a young medical practitioner, almost without means, in the Rock City.

"Hallo, Grayson!" he exclaimed, by way of salutation, slamming the door to, and carelessly throwing himself upon a chair.

"Hallo!" I rather moodily returned.

"'Tis found at last, old boy!" he exultingly said, gasping for breath—

"Found at last! What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that I believe I have discovered the true theory of the terrible malady that has baffled us so long," he rejoined. And forthwith there ensued a hasty explanation, which did have some slight bearings of truth about it.

"But how are you to apply the test?" I hesitatingly inquired, when he had finished.

"How? Why, by dissection, of course," was the reply.

"But it will be difficult to provide a proper subject," I urged. "The municipal authorities you know have stringently decided against the profession experimenting any more upon the bodies of those dying with the plague, as keeping them so long unburied tends to spread the infection."

"A fig for the corporate body!" Wetmore half-indignantly returned. "A subject can be very easily exhumed without their knowledge, and as for that, the experiment can be made without the city."

"True," I assented, brushing the ashes from my cigar.

"Furthermore," he went on, "I have anticipated all that, and everything is arranged. To my certain knowledge, a young lady, who fell a victim to the pestilence, was interred this morning in an obscure churchyard, not above two miles from town, and if you will accompany me, we can very easily obtain the body, and also find some secluded place wherein to perform *the* experiment. Remember, if we can succeed, it will not only be the means of building our own fortunes, but will also be of the most incalculable benefit to suffering humanity."

A few moment's consideration induced me to accept his proposition; for, like all young men of my profession, I was naturally desirous of making a reputation, and knew that if in the present emergency I could aid in arresting the gigantic strides of the terrible destroyer that had baffled the attempts of older and more experienced men than myself, that that was *all* that was necessary for a foundation to build upon. So just before nightfall we set out in a close carriage, taking with us such implements and surgical instruments as would be necessary for our purpose, and accompanied by a professional "body-snatcher," whom we were at no loss in engaging.

An hour's drive brought us to the place—a dismal little churchyard, buried in the heart of a sobbing grove of oaks and pines, and guarded in front, as it were, by a grim old gothic church, whose frowning walls wore a mangy, spotted hue. Just without the enclosure, and in the rear, stood a small, deserted lodge, in which we deposited our tools and concealed ourselves until the darkness would be sufficient for us to commence work. That was not long, however; for in the space of a few minutes the gloom was so intense that we were forced to light the dark-lantern which we had provided, and which was to serve us in our nocturnal labors. Then, selecting a couple of spades and a pick, we quited the old house and sought the dismal churchyard.

Men always breathe more softly in the quiet and solemn atmosphere of such a place; tread as though afraid of waking the silent sleepers underground. That night we crept forward among the tall gray tombstones like flitting ghosts—so softly, that I stopped once, for it startled me, my own cat-like tread.

At length we came to a pause beside a mound of freshly thrown-up earth, in a low, marshy corner of the churchyard, and Wetmore, who carried the lantern in his hand, turned the full blaze upon it, narrowly scanning it as he did so.

"This is the place," he observed, after a moment's hesitation.

"Yes," I said. "And we must work expeditiously, too, for there is a storm brewing."

All the afternoon angry masses of broken clouds had been piled up in the west, harbingers of a furious tempest; and as night had come on they had united, becoming more compact and threatening, and now completely shrouded the whole face of the steely blue sky. Every now and then a vivid flash of lightning would blaze like a fiery meteor across the inky sea of darkness, followed by a deafening crash of thunder that was almost incessant in its hoarse, angry mutterings. The wind, too, had suddenly sprung up, and howled and shrieked like a demon spirit as it dashed along with a wild and fearful swoop—pausing, rising again, and then dying out in the distance with a long, low, melancholy wail.

"The rain is at hand even now," said Wetmore, softly.

Sure enough, we could hear the great drops pattering upon the roof of the frowning old church, and not a few fell down at our side and upon our upturned faces; but nothing deterred, we set to work with a hearty good will. I stood at the foot of the grave holding the flickering lantern, whose beams pierced the intense darkness, whilst the others, with arms bared, threw out the damp, clayey earth with incredible swiftness.

Down, down they went, each stroke of the spade reverberating with a hollow sound upon the humid atmosphere. Every nerve of their bodies was strained to its task; their breath was short and heavy, and great drops of perspiration glittered upon their brows. But all their exertions were futile, for scarcely one-half of the work was accomplished when the rain began to pour down in torrents. Still, after having done so much, we were determined not to abandon our undertaking now; yet it was not until we had toiled in the mud and water fully an hour that we were rewarded by reaching the coffin.

This it required all our united efforts to raise to the surface; and after depositing it upon the marshy sward, a chisel was produced and the lid quickly taken off. Then hastily removing the body, and wrapping it in a coarse cloth that had been provided for the purpose, the rich metallic case was restored to its place in the damp ground, and the grave refilled.

Drenched to the skin, we moved noiselessly away toward the gate of the shadowy necropolis, picking our way cautiously among the ghostly tombstones, and bearing with us the still and icy form that we had gathered up from the dust. When we reached the old lodge, the body was deposited upon a rude bench in a distant angle of the room, and our immediate attention was turned to the kindling of a fire. This was easily accomplished, as a quantity of dry fuel was found stored away beneath the floor, and we were soon enjoying its genial warmth.

In the course of an hour our saturated clothes were somewhat dry, and Wetmore and myself were upon the point of turning our attention to the matter in hand, when our *professional* (?) friend, who had been arranging the body more conveniently for the knife, rushed back to the fire with a face almost as ghastly as the one that lay hid beneath the rude covering that he had just dropped.

"My God!" he yelled, seizing me convulsively by the arm, and leering frightfully back at the body.

"What is it, man?" I asked, shaking loose his grasp.

He shook his head ominously, and stood panting and shivering for some moments over the fire.

"Well?" I said at length, with anxious suspense.

"Did you hear it?" he gasped, giving me a queer look, and jerking his finger behind him in the direction of the body.

"Hear it?" I repeated, questioningly.

"Yes—a—moanin'!" he muttered, in a startled whisper.

"Bah!" Wetmore exclaimed, half-indignantly.

"I tell you it's so?" persisted the man. "I had arranged the hands, an' straitened the limbs, an' was about to place the head in a easier position, wen I thought I heard a sort of gaspin' in the throat, an' bendin' over to see if it wasn't only a fancy, a low pitiful moan came up from the bundle. I tell you it's so!"

Wetmore gave me a strange, meaning look, and as if impelled by the same irresistable curiosity, we both proceeded to where the body reclined. As I was in front I unhesitatingly threw aside the covering, and peered down at the rigid sleeper. There was something almost startlingly beautiful in the sweet young face that lay upturned to the grimy roof; and the mute white lips, and the soft, sad expression of the countenance that had been purged of all earthly grossness, seemed reproving us for having ever disturbed her in her peaceful sleep in the quiet city of the white-robed dead.

"Twould be sacrilege to desecrate that form with the knife and scalpel," I said, more to myself than to my companion, dropping the cloth, and turning away to the fire.

He made no reply, but turned and followed me.

"It was only a fancy," he said to the cowering attendant, after a moment's hesitation.

That individual, however, shook his head in his peculiar way, which signified as much as to say, "I tell you it's so;" and then, seating himself upon a billet of wood that lay in one corner near the hearth, and dropping his chin in both hands, fell into a fit of deep mental abstraction.

But scarcely had our equilibrium been restored, and the little unpleasant interruption forgotten, when, apparently proceeding directly from the corpse, came a low, anguished moan—a moan such as I have often heard uttered by those in the agonies of death! We were all upon our feet in an instant, and Wetmore's hand frantically caught my arm.

"What does it mean, Charley?" I asked, after giving him a puzzled stare.

He shook his head doubtfully, and without replying, turned away.

"It's very strange!" muttered the professional man, shrinking into one corner, and eyeing the bundle with a mixture of unfeigned terror and awe. "Twenty years o' my life has been spent in the business, and I never seed the like before."

We stood there over the smouldering fire fully five minutes, silently regarding the fitful embers, and each busy with his own reflections, which, in the main, were not very pleasing ones. Wetmore looked moody and dejected; the other had more of irrepressible terror depicted upon his countenance; while I, though not a believer in the supernatural, was yet not a little puzzled.

"Well," I said at length, breaking the ominous silence, "shall we proceed?"

"Of course," was the moody reply.

"Not in the face o' that warnin'!" remonstrated the "snatcher" with a shudder.

Wetmore gave the man a look of withering contempt. Somehow he had suddenly become gloomy and irascible—a thing foreign to his sanguine temperament; and I was puzzled to understand him.

"It was a warnin!" argued the man in a low voice.

"Hold your tongue!" Wetmore fiercely exclaimed, turning upon him.

"A man may speak, I suppose," the other growled.

"And hyenas may be silent in matters that do not concern."

Another low moan issuing from beneath the tattered cloth, cut short the speaker's further words, and set us to staring in blank dismay at one another.

"Strange!" I exclaimed at length in a low voice. "We must have been observed, Charley—"

"And this is some trick to frighten us away," he finished as I hesitated.

"Exactly," I replied.

"If it is so," he angrily began, "I'll—"

A sudden startling shriek from the snatcher who rushed wildly to the door and out into the night, caused us to direct our eyes to the bundle, and to our indescribable horror and amazement we beheld the supposed corpse sitting in an upright position upon the bench, her sweet pale face turned with a frightened look upon us, and her great blue eyes opened to their widest with a sort of dreamy astonishment.

"Where am I? What means this?" came in silvery accents from the pallid lips.

"'Tis as I half-suspected at first, Grayson," Wetmore whispered, clutching my shoulder.

Everything was plain now. The cause of those mysterious moans was made visible at a glance, and the truth as it appeared was almost as appalling as they had been puzzling. The girl had been *buried alive!* Not intentionally of course, but while in a *somnious* state produced by her disorder, and our rude handling, and the cold rain which had completely saturated her thin and scanty garments, had served to restore the suspended animation.

Luckily I had a bottle of brandy in my pocket, of which she partook plentifully, and was soon able to sit up by the fire. Then, in the blandest possible way, we explained to the poor, shivering creature the whole night's transactions, necessarily omitting nothing.

Of course the position in which we were placed was a very unpleasant one, and our introduction to the mourning family upon conveying the girl to her home, one that was hardly desirable; yet we smoothed it over as well as possible, and in the joyous reunion that followed, everything else was forgotten.

We signally failed in establishing the truth of my friend Wetmore's theory; yet in the end he was rewarded for all his toil by a priceless recompense the heart and hand of her whom he had been instrumental in recalling to life.

A QUEER HISTORY.

A Sad Accident and its Life-Long Effect—Living Out-of-Doors from Choice in Winter.

More years ago than almost anybody now here can remember, there lived on the east side of the river a family consisting of the mother and several small children. At the time when our story begins there was no bridge across the Huron, and at seasons of high water a sort of scow attached to a rope stretched across the stream was used as a ferry. The woman of whom we speak was employed on the west side of the river, and by some means was thrown out of the scow, while returning home, as well as another passenger, and both were drowned. Thus those small children were left wholly uncared for, except for the casual assistance of the very few and scattered emigrants. The body of the second person drowned was recovered almost immediately, while that of the woman was not found until some time afterward, when the water had subsided. During this period the children too small fully to realize how their mother could be thus suddenly snatched away, especially a little girl among them, disconsolately strolled up and down the stream, calling for their protector.

With what care they got they grew to man and womanhood, but a melancholy had settled upon the girl, which never left her, and at length she was placed, with the hope of recovery, in an institution in the State of New York. Eventually the male children became the owners of 180 acres of land in this county, on which there is a good house, barn, etc. They then sent and brought their sister back to live with them; and the family, whose whole history it would be too long to follow, now consisting of the two men and the sister, still cling together and live almost as solitaries. But the greatest singularity is their repugnance to *being in a house*. It will seem incredible, when we say that with a comfortable house of their own, two of them have lived the whole winter, and are still living and sleeping out of doors. One yielded to the weather, or to the importunities of the neighbors, and took lodgings in a house; the others continue their strange way of living. How do they live, the reader is ready to ask, with the thermometer sometimes 30 degrees below zero? Their kitchen is an enclosure of logs, simply breast high, without the least sign of a roof. The logs serve to keep away cattle and animals. Their sleeping apartments, not in this enclosure, are rails and logs laid up slanting so as to leave a low hollow, which is filled with autumnal leaves, in which they bury themselves deeply, and, as it seems, warmly. This mode of life is their choice, for at the same time that they eat in an open pen and sleep in leaves, a tenant occupies their comfortable house, and a well-kept horse lies in a warm stable.

Under all these circumstances such is their standing among their neighbors, that the latter feel the reluctance of natural politeness against any pressing interference with their domestic affairs. But many are the anxious looks on our fierce wintry mornings cast toward the woods where these almost hermits are known to be, to see if the smoke of their breakfast fire is curling among the trees, or whether its absence indicates that they are frozen stiffly in their wintry beds. Up to the present time their smoke still curls, and long may it wave. We like originality and something out of the commonplace. But here is a psychological study for somebody. It is very evident that those children, by their misfortunes and circumstances, received a bend, a mental distortion, that no subsequent experience or training can correct. We could give the names of principals and witnesses in this singular case, but it is not necessary, as the scene is so near that any man about here can verify it for himself, and names would be no correct ration to distant readers.—*Ypsilanti (Mich.) Sentinel.*

☞ A Connecticut school-ma'am had a spelling class of boys which didn't recite satisfactorily. None of the scholars had their lessons, but some were worse than others. How to punish all at one fell stroke, and yet each according to his degree of desert, was the problem which the school-ma'am thus ingeniously solved. She made the worst speller lie down on the floor, the next worst on top of him; and so pig-piled the whole class, dressing off the upper one with a shingle. By this plan each culprit bore the exact weight of punishment proportioned to his desert.

Two Summer Days.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

I.

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When woman cannot love, where they're beloved.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. —*Othello.*

The August sunshine lay in yellow splendor upon green field and drowsy forest. There had been a heavy shower on the preceding day; and the parched and faded pastures put on the freshness of early summer; springs of cool water bubbled forth from the ground, and the river, which flowed past the Verner farm, was transformed from a sluggish, miasmatic lagoon, into a broad, swiftly flowing stream, which rushed impetuously along to its junction with the father of waters—the mighty Mississippi.

A girl was wandering along the rocky bluffs which formed the river's banks, sometimes stooping to examine a cluster of flowers, sometimes gazing down, half-frightened, half-fascinated, at the dark, muddy waves which swept past the base of the cliffs. She was young—not more than nineteen—beautiful with the first bloom of lovely womanhood. Her figure was of the medium height, full rather than slender, with a slow, easy grace of movement that was very charming. The hands which held a bouquet of wild flowers were small and white, although their owner was a farmer's daughter, and not unused to labor. Her face was neither blonde nor brunette, but more lovely than either of these distinct types of beauty.

Imagine a fair, creamy complexion, with the faintest possible flush of red on the cheeks; large, black, laughing eyes; a tender mouth; a delicately-formed but rather prominent nose; a broad, intellectual forehead, and an abundance of soft, waving, light-brown hair, and you have before you a picture of Agatha Verner, as she appeared on that golden August afternoon.

Although a farmer's daughter, Miss Verner was not without education and accomplishments. Her father was in easy circumstances, and he delighted to surround his children with refining and elevating influences. His oldest daughter was his especial pride, and he hoped and expected that she would make a brilliant marriage. But Miss Agatha, although so beautiful, was not at all ambitious. She refused two good offers, giving as a reason for her conduct that she did not wish to marry at all. But that was of course untrue, as no sensible maiden ever entertained such views of life.

While she was bending over a rare cluster of blossoms, admiring their beauty and inhaling their frigrance, a young man approached, and was close beside her ere she perceived his presence.

"Agatha!" said the young man, in a soft, deep voice.

Miss Verner turned quickly, her fair face flushing scarlet for a moment.

"Mr. Percy!" she exclaimed, evidently not very well pleased to see the young gentleman.

"Don't call me 'Mr. Percy,' Agatha; it sounds too cold and formal."

"Indeed? I am not sufficiently well acquainted with you to be justified in addressing you by a more familiar title," answered Miss Verner, coldly.

Mr. Edward Percy bit his lip, and his dark, handsome face flushed hotly. He loved Agatha Verner passionately, but the girl did not return his love—in fact, she rather disliked him, and took but little pains to conceal her sentiments. The young man was very pertinacious in his attentions, however; and although he had never yet declared his passion in words, his glances plainly revealed it. He was considered an excellent match, as he possessed a moderate fortune, and was one of the most brilliant lawyers in the county. He was very handsome, both in face and form, but there was a strange, evil *something* lurking in his slumberous black eyes, and the smile that curved his haughty lips was often uncomfortably like a sneer. Miss Verner could read these outward signs of character; and while she admired the man's talents, she shrank in instinctive dread from his fiery glances, from the touch of his white and delicate hands.

"Not well acquainted with me, do you say, Agatha?" said Percy, almost angrily. "Good Heaven, what do you call an acquaintance? Have we not known each other for years—have we not seen each other almost daily during all the beautiful summer?"

"Pardon me for speaking so plainly," said Agatha, "but I wish you to understand me perfectly, Mr. Percy. I have seen you much oftener of late than was agreeable to me. I respect and esteem you as a friend, but I assure you that you can never be anything nearer to me."

"You are not in earnest, Agatha? At least you will let me try to win your love?"

"I am quite in earnest. As you say, we have known each other long, and I am certain that I can never learn to love you—as a woman should love the man she marries."

"If you never have loved me—if you never can love me—why does my soul go out to yours with a longing that will not be repressed? Why does a glance of your eye pierce my very heart, or a touch of your hand cause all my pulses to thrill with rapture? Oh, my love, my love, surely such devotion as mine must touch your heart. You are the only woman in the world for me; without you, my life will be more dark and desolate than a stormy December day. Do not take all the sunshine from my life—do not deprive me entirely of hope."

"I am sorry for you," said the girl, her usually laughing eyes filling with tears.

Edward Percy fell on his knees before her, and caught both her hands in his. His face was very pale, and his bosom heaved with the violence of his emotions.

"Oh, Agatha, my life, my sweet!" he murmured, "you pity me, and you shall love me—for pity is akin to love. See, I kneel to you; I, who have never knelt even to my God, implore you to look kindly upon my suit—to give me hope. Ah, if you knew how I love you—if you knew how the burning passion consumes my heart, you would relent; your heart would be touched by my suffering!"

"Rise, I beseech you, Mr. Percy," said Miss Verner, embarrassed and alarmed by her lover's vehemence.

"Not till you give me a word of hope," answered the young man.

"I can never do that," said the girl, sorrowfully but firmly.

"Why do you dislike me, Agatha?" persisted Percy. "Why cannot you love me? I am not repulsive in appearance, and my character is unstained. I have enough of this world's goods for comfort, and my future prospects are brilliant. Any other girl would gladly marry me; while you, the only woman whom I can ever love, are cold and indifferent as marble. What is the reason of this? Surely you will tell me why you reject me utterly?"

"Since you request it, I will tell you why I cannot love you; my heart is given to another."

With a deep sigh, Edward Percy slowly arose to his feet, still holding the girl's hands in his.

"Then if you had never met this other lover, whoever he is, you might have learned to care for me, I suppose?" he said, with a ghastly smile.

"It is useless to speculate about what might have happened under different circumstances," replied Agatha. "Lovers you and I cannot be, Mr. Percy—but let us part as friends."

"Love never changes to friendship, although friendship may change to love. I think I know who is my fortunate rival, Agatha; a certain boyish-faced clerk in the village, who is known as Clive Winterton."

Miss Verner blushed deeply, but made no reply.

"And so I am cast aside for that milk-faced youth, who has scarcely a dollar in the world, and whose only recommendation is his effeminate beauty," continued Percy, bitterly. "I knew that the pretty boy was in love with you—but I did not think that you would stoop to accept his attentions."

"Mr. Winterton is a gentleman, and I am proud to know that he loves me," replied Agatha, haughtily. "It is not his fault that he is poor and friendless. He will win his way to wealth and position; and I am willing to wait until he is able to claim me as his wife."

"I scarcely think that your father will approve of your choice," sneered the young man.

"Whether he does or not is no affair of yours," replied the girl, angered by her companion's words and manner. "It is time we ended this painful interview. Good-day, Mr. Percy."

Miss Verner turned and walked haughtily away. Mr. Percy gazed after her for a moment; then, clinching his hands and grinding his teeth in fury, he started to return to the village, taking the path which led along the edge of the cliffs—little thinking, however, of the awful temptation that he was about to encounter.

The view from the path along the bluffs was wild and beautiful in the extreme. The rude, gray rocks, piled upon each other in picturesque confusion, and covered in places by the foliage of birch and pine trees; the turbid river rushing swiftly past, bearing upon its bosom black masses of driftwood; the verdant hills and valleys beyond, smiling beneath the golden light of the August sun; and over all a cloudless sky, blue and dreamy as that which bends over Naples and Vesuvius. But the young man was unconscious of the beauty of the scene. He stalked moodily along, his eyes fastened upon the ground, his mind filled with thoughts bitter as gall and wormwood.

"Rejected!" he muttered, hoarsely. "Refused and turned off utterly; and for a white-faced, beardless boy! God! if he were here before me, I would be tempted to throw his slender form over the cliffs, and let the dark river hide his delicate face forever! If he were gone, she might yet be mine—my beautiful bright-eyed darling. Heavens, I love her better than life—I cannot give her up!"

Still muttering, the young lawyer strode onward. In places, the path wound dangerously near to the edge of the cliffs; the traveller could look down upon the waters of the river, directly underneath. Scarcely knowing why, the young man paused at one of these perilous passes, and gazed as if fascinated, at the muddy, turbulent stream. He was aroused from his abstraction by hearing a gay, musical tenor voice, singing in a happy tone, a sweet love-song.

"Oh, I loved in my youth a lady fair,
For her azure eyes and her golden hair.
Oh, truly, oh, truly, I loved her then."

"It is Winterton," said Percy, fiercely, walking on. "The fool is so happy that he must go howling around like a lunatic. How I hate the sight of his babyish face."

The singer broke off his song, when he saw that he was not alone.

"Ah, good-evening, Percy," as he met the dark-faced, scowling lawyer.

"How are you, Winterton?" said Percy, gruffly.

The rivals stood looking at each other keenly for a moment.

Clive Winterton was a very young man—not more than twenty-two. His fair, rosy face was beautiful as a girls, but his firm lips and honest blue eyes showed that he was not deficient in manliness and resolution. His figure was of the medium height, slender and graceful, with marvellously small hands and feet. Edward Percy noted all this with a scornful sneer.

"So, my fine fellow, you are going to keep your tryst with Miss Verner?" he said.

"How do you know?" asked Winterton, coloring.

"Oh, I inferred it from your jovial manner," returned Percy with a bitter smile.

"Well, if I am, is it any affair of yours?" said Winterton, nettled by his rival's insolent manner.

"Of course, it is no affair of mine, but if I were you, I would not intrude where my company is not desired. But do as you please, young man."

"What do you mean?" demanded the young clerk, his fair face growing crimson.

"Simply this," replied Percy, coolly. "I have just returned from a visit to Miss Verner, and she gave me to understand that she was greatly annoyed by your unwelcome attentions. I tell you this for your own good. If you have any pride, any self-respect, you will not trouble the lady any more."

"You are a liar?" said Winterton, angrily.

"Be careful, boy. I will not brook such language from you. I tell you that Miss Verner has this day promised to be my wife, and I will not allow another man to make love to my betrothed."

"I do not believe it. Never will I believe that my darling is false to me, until she tells me so with her own lips. Stand out of my way, Percy. You are a lying scoundrel, and I will have no more words with you. Stand aside, I say, or I will knock you down."

"Not so fast," said the lawyer, his face growing black with passion. "Listen, Clive Winterton. You must promise never to see or speak to Agatha Verner again, or, by Heaven, I will toss your frail body over the cliff into the river."

"Do you think to frighten me with such threats?" replied Winterton, taking a step forward. "No, Edward Percy, bad as you are, I think you are scarcely vile enough to become a murderer."

"You shall see," exclaimed Percy, throwing his arms around the slender form of his rival.

A fierce struggle took place on the brow of the cliff. But Winterton, small and delicate, could not long resist the strength of the stalwart lawyer. He was overpowered, thrown to the ground, and dragged to the very edge of the precipice.

"For God's sake!" gasped the young man, "for your own soul's sake, release me! Surely you cannot be such a monster as to murder one who has never harmed you?"

"You have harmed me—you have stolen what is worth more to me than all the world—the love of Agatha Verner. Promise that you will give her up—that you will leave the neighborhood forever, and I will spare your life."

Edward Percy glared down upon his victim with the countenance of a fiend.

"I cannot!" said Winterton, writhing desperately. "I love her better than life."

"Once more I ask you, and for the last time—will you give her up?"

"Never!" making a superhuman effort to free himself from his rival's iron grasp.

"Then die, like the fool that you are," said Percy, hoarsely.

He suddenly exerted all his giant strength, and threw the young man's slender form over the cliff. Winterton fell headlong through the air—there was a dull splash, and his body disappeared beneath the dark, rapidly flowing water.

"It is done!" said Percy, wiping the sweat from his brow. "But, great God! that last look of the poor boy's eyes will haunt me to my dying day."

Trembling with excitement, the young man sat down upon the rocks, and covered his eyes with his hands for a moment.

"And so I am a murderer," he muttered. "My hands are stained with a fellow-being's blood. I did not mean to kill him, but the stubborn fool provoked me to it. But repentance and remorse will do no good now—the deed is done irrevocably, and I must use some means to divert suspicion from myself. If the act is discovered, I will be tried and condemned in the court where I have often pleaded for others. But I will never be suspected; the river will carry his body far away; and I will yet win his sweetheart—my beautiful Agatha. Heavens! I would sell my soul to the devil—which I have already done—to possess that woman's love."

He arose unsteadily to his feet, and looked around him with wild, bloodshot eyes. No traces of the desperate struggle for life and death which had lately taken place were left on the hard rocks, except a slip of paper, which Percy quickly picked up and unfolded. It contained only a few verses, written in an elegant hand, with Clive Winterton's name at the bottom of the page, but the young lawyer placed the sheet in his pocket with a triumphant smile.

"With the aid of this I can forge letters that will satisfactorily explain Winterton's disappearance," he soliloquized. "I will make Miss Verner believe that her lover has deserted her, and then pride and anger will make her willing to listen to my suit. Satan and the powers of darkness assist me, and I shall be successful in my designs."

With this fearful invocation, the young man walked rapidly away from the scene of the tragedy, trying to whistle a lively air; but the effort was unsuccessful. He was not a cold-blooded, hardened criminal, but one whose passions had momentarily overpowered his reason. As he looked down at the river, which he knew was carrying the body of his innocent victim away in its swift current, a shudder of horror shook his strong frame.

"I am a murderer! a murderer!" he groaned. "Oh, my God! I would give all the world to undo that fearful deed. But it is too late—too late—I must bear the consequences of my rash act."

With pallid face and trembling limbs, he strode onward toward the village. The summer sunshine fell in golden glory around him, the soft winds kissed his feverish lips, the birds filled the air with song; but to Edward Percy the beautiful landscape looked dark and dreary as the Lybian desert.

II.

If charnel houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. * * *

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
—*Macbeth.*

A year later. Everything looked very much as it did a year before, except the river, which crept languidly between its rocky banks, a silent, shallow, silvery stream. The birds sang amid the birch trees on the cliffs; and along the romantic path above, Agatha Verner and Edward Percy were walking.

A year had changed Miss Verner greatly. The youthful bloom of her cheeks and the laughing light of her eyes were gone; but the expression of pensive sadness which marked her countenance rendered her more beautiful than ever. At least so thought Edward Percy, as he watched her with longing eyes.

The young lawyer appeared much the same as when we first saw him. He was a trifle paler, and his eyes roved restlessly from object to object, as if he was constantly looking for something which could not be found. He had also had a habit of starting at every unusual sound, while his hands clasped and unclasped each other nervously—signs which betokened that his mind was ill at ease.

Clive Winterton's disappearance had caused some excitement in the village, but no one suspected that foul play had been used. He was soon forgotten, except by two persons—the woman who had loved him, and the man who had done him to death.

Not content with destroying his rival's life, Percy proceeded to destroy his good name also. Being a skillful penman, he was able to imitate the young clerk's handwriting almost exactly. As soon as he reached home, after the tragedy on the cliffs, he indited a letter to Miss Verner, over Winterton's signature; and the poor girl, never suspecting that the cruel note was a forgery, almost broke her heart over her lover's supposed falsehood and desertion. But Miss Verner was proud, as well as affectionate; she resolved to forget, as quickly as possible, the man who had proved himself so unworthy of her love. The task was a hard one; but she was determined to conquer the unhappy passion. And when Edward Percy renewed his suit, she did not repulse him, but listened calmly to his warm protestations of undying devotion. She would not promise to marry him, but she allowed him to hope that she would some day become his wife.

"How calm and peaceful the river looks," said Miss Verner, pausing to gaze over the cliffs at the waveless, almost motionless water. "I sometimes fancy that I would like to lie beneath the silver stream in an endless sleep. It would be so sweet to forget the world, with its cares and sorrows forever."

Percy shuddered, and turned pale as death.

"Why will you indulge such horrible fancies, Agatha?" he said. "You are young and beautiful—you should think of life and love and joy, instead of death and the grave."

"But the river has such a strange fascination for me. From childhood, it has always been my delight to look over these cliffs at the gliding water below," continued the girl.

"And I hate it!" exclaimed the young man, "the river, and the cliffs, and all the wild, dreary scenery around. Let us walk back to the merry harvest fields."

"No, no," replied Agatha, "I will stay here in the pleasant shade of the trees."

"So be it then, if you will have it so. It matters little to me where I am, so that your sweet presence brightens the scene. I could be happy with you in a desert; without you, I think that Paradise would have few charms for me."

"I am not worthy of such love," murmured the girl, softly.

"You are worthy of the devotion of a far nobler heart than mine," replied the young man. "*I* am not worthy of *you*; I feel myself far below you; and yet I dare to love you—to worship you—because I cannot help it."

"You should worship only your God," said Agatha, gravely.

"Oh, Agatha, you are my god, my idol, my heaven, my all! I would lose my soul forever, for the sake of one word of love from your lips!"

"Hush—hush—you talk foolishly. What am I that you should worship me thus?"

"You are the loveliest woman that ever graced this weary world," said Percy, fervently. "Oh, my darling, do not torture me any longer—promise that you will be my wife?"

"Would you marry a woman who does not love you?" asked Agatha.

"You will learn to love me—my devotion will win your heart. Only say yes, my sweet. Think how long I have loved you—think how pleased your parents will be with your choice, and consent."

For a moment the girl gazed with misty eyes at the distant, cloud-wreathed hills. Then she turned toward her lover and held out her hands.

"As you know, the first love of my heart was given to another," she said. "I can never again feel the wild, blissful passion that thrilled my heart a year ago. But if you can be satisfied with respect, and friendship which may ripen into love, I will be your wife whenever you wish."

With a glad cry, Percy clasped her closely in his arms.

"Oh, my darling, my darling, you are mine at last!" he exclaimed. "Do I really hold you in my arms, or is it only a blissful dream—a dream too bright to last?"

At length he released her from his passionate embrace, and drew her to a seat by his side on a mossy rock.

"You must be my wife soon," he said, fondly. "I cannot realize that you are mine, until the vows are spoken that will bind you to me forever. Ha! who is that?"

Percy sprang to his feet, and gazed with dilated eyes at the man's figure that was coming slowly toward them along the path on the cliffs. Miss Verner looked also, and a sharp cry escaped her white lips.

"It is Clive Winterton," she gasped, faintly.

"No, no," said the lawyer, huskily, "it cannot be Clive Winterton—he is dead. Great Heaven! it is his ghost come to haunt me—to keep you from marrying me, Agatha."

The miserable man covered his face with his hands to shut out the horrible sight.

Meanwhile the stranger drew near. It was Clive Winterton—paler and thinner than when we last saw him, but still Clive Winterton in flesh and blood. When within a few steps of the lovers, he paused and regarded them with mournful eyes. Percy dropped his hands, and stood face to face with the man whom he had tried to murder. He still believed that he saw before him the spirit of his rival.

"Away! begone!" he cried, staggering backward. "Have I not suffered enough for my crime, that you must come to haunt me with your ghastly presence? Get back to your grave, for God's sake, and let me live out my wretched life in peace."

Something like a smile flitted across Winterton's pallid face.

"It is not a ghost that you see before you, Edward Percy," he said, sternly. "You thought that you had done your work well, but the river proved more merciful than you, and gave me back to life."

Miss Verner sat like a statue, speaking no word. Winterton approached her with outstretched hands.

"Have you forgotten me, Agatha?" he said. "Have you ceased to love me?"

"Can you ask such a question, after writing me that letter, and leaving me for a year?" replied Agatha, struggling to speak calmly.

"I never sent you a letter—I did not leave you willingly. As I was coming to keep my tryst with you a year ago, I met that creature," pointing to Percy's cowering figure. "He accosted me in an insolent manner—hot words passed between us—he seized me and threw me over the cliff into the river."

"Is this true?" asked Miss Verner, turning her white, horrified face to the lawyer.

"He dare not deny it," said Winterton, fiercely.

"It is true," said Percy, gloomily, averting his face.

"And you forged that letter, which nearly broke my heart?"

"I did. Oh, Agatha, pity me—it was my love for you that maddened me—that urged me on to crime. I felt that I could not live without you, and the boy's words goaded me to desperation."

"Listen to me, Edward Percy," interrupted Winterton. "You know that you assaulted me wilfully and maliciously; you know that I begged you to spare my life, and that you refused. For this I could shut you inside the walls of a prison, but I do not wish to do so. I will offer you the same terms that you offered me when you held me on the edge of the cliffs. If you will promise to leave the country forever, you may go unmolested; if not, I will prosecute you to the full extent of the law."

"I will go," replied Percy. "Were I free and guiltless, I would not stay to see you happy with the woman who is all the world to me. I am about to leave you, forever, Agatha, but I cannot go without your forgiveness."

He threw himself on his knees at Miss Verner's feet, and raised his eyes beseechingly to her face.

"Say that you forgive me, sweetest and best of women," he said. "I know that my crime was great, but think of the agony I then suffered, of what I still suffer, and be merciful."

The girl covered her face with her hands, and wept.

"May God forgive you, even as I do," she murmured.

Percy sprang to his feet, with tears in his eyes.

"Good-bye, Agatha, for time and eternity," he said. "When you sit within your happy home, try to think kindly of one who roams restlessly over the earth, with a curse heavier than Cain's resting upon him. Winterton, if you love her half as well as I, she will be happy."

He turned and walked swiftly away along the cliffs, to be seen by them no more.

"Oh, my darling, would you have married that man?" said Winterton, sitting down by Miss Verner's side.

"How could I suspect his guilt? I thought that you had deserted me, and I was too proud to break my heart over a worthless lover. But how did you escape from the river, and why did you not come to me, as soon as you escaped, if you still loved me?"

"I will tell you, Agatha. The fall from the cliffs stunned me, and I was borne I know not how far down the river ere I recovered consciousness. I was a poor swimmer, and the current ran so swift that I found it impossible to reach the shore. I grasped a log that was floating near, and thus supported, I drifted with the current for miles. At last my unwieldy canoe floated near to the shore, and I managed to reach the land. Wet, cold and sore, I staggered forward until I reached a farm-house where I was kindly received and cared for. But the hardship which I had undergone was too much for my delicate frame. I fell into a severe fever, and for three months was unable to leave my bed. The farmer and his family watched over me as if I had been one of their own family. Well, I recovered at last, but I had no money with which to pay the honest farmer for all his trouble and expense; so I secured a position in a neighboring village, and with my wages I paid the farmer for his attentions to me. I would have returned to you sooner, my darling, but I entertained some doubts of your love for me, and I determined to let time prove whether you were true or false."

"And I was going to marry your would-be murderer," said Agatha, shuddering.

"Well, it is all right now, my sweet, and you must be my wife very soon. I think your father will not object, for I am no longer a poor man. A wealthy uncle, whom I scarcely ever saw, is dead; I inherit all his property, and I will now be able to commence business for myself. After the storm comes sunshine; our lives have been very dark for a time, let us hope that henceforth we may walk in the light."

And so, dear reader, we will leave them.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ What's become of Weston, the pedestrian?

☞ A contemporary asks the absurd question: "Shall organ-grinders be put to death?" Of course, there is no use in discussing that point.

☞ We commend to our lady readers the new-fashioned three-decker hats for the theatre, concert, opera, and church use. They are constructed with a window in front and rear, to enable persons sitting behind the wearer to see what is going on.

☞ An old conductor says he is no judge of female beauty, but he can always tell when the ladies are "passing fare."

☞ If the stories about the midnight murders in the French capital are true, the phrase, "See Paris and die!" will become something more than a mere note of admiration.

☞ Forty barbers are required to mow down the chapparel that adorns the chins of the old men in Terre Haute, and dispel the mould that collects on the upper-lips of the adolescents.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

☞ A Sacramento stableman bought an interest in a ready-made clothing-store recently, and occasionally startles a customer by going at him with a brush, with a cautionary "Whoa there!"

☞ A young lady, in some "Advice to Young Men," tells them that when they call upon a young lady in the evening, they should not stay later than ten o'clock—from which we infer that the right young man has never called upon her. She will change her mind on that subject before she changes her name.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ Boys having dogs to sell will do well to steer their barks clear from the plantation of Mr. Smith, Michigan. Smith had sixty sheep converted into chops, the other night, by the canine process, and he now spends his spare moments in cleaning shot-guns, moulding bullets, sharpening butcher-knives, sorting over his packages of poison, and other child-like amusements.

☞ A father and his two sons in Iowa have become brothers-in-law by marrying three sisters.

☞ The last fashionable kink is pop-corn parties. It is claimed that they not only keep young men from another kind of corned parties, but they are very suggestive of a question they ought to pop.

☞ A hatter in New York advertises that "Watts on the Mind" is of great importance, but what's on the head is of greater.

☞ A tramp, who stopped at one of our houses Sunday, said that he was a dentist, and volunteered to pull all the teeth of the family for his dinner. The offer was not accepted.

☞ A surprise party at Yorkville was itself surprised, when the man it proposed to surprise refused to open his doors.

☞ The country journals severely condemn the conduct of the hens that are standing around barn-yard doors doing nothing, while eggs are selling at fifty cents a dozen.

☞ An exchange has a learned and lucid article on "The Homologation of the Ideal." We had intended to write something on that subject ourselves at an early day—but this article covers the whole ground so completely, that it leaves us nothing new to say.

☞ The society editor who was kicked out of a house in Washington the other day, took sweet revenge in stating that the wife of the kicker appeared at a ball attired in a lovely pongee skirt made of Government drawers for infantry.

☞ Vermont forgets all the hardships of the past winter in jubilation over its maple-sugar season, and cheerfully asks, what's the odds so long as it's sappy?—*World.*

☞ Miss Clay Tracy, a down-East damsel, lost one of her ear-rings in a snow-storm. A horse picked it up with his foot, and when the driver knocked a snowball out of his hoof the missing jewel was found!

☞ A New York paper compares the recent fashion of trimming furs with lace, to hot plum-pudding with ice-cream sauce.

☞ It is related, as an instance of Western energy, that a man at St. Paul, Minnesota, sneezed the other day, and so strained his spinal column that he has been helpless ever since.

☞ At a recent marriage, a novelty in a bridesmaid's gloves was introduced. To the back of the gloves a small, compactly-made rosette was attached. Every bridesmaid doesn't want a beau ready-made to her hand.

☞ During a concert given by Howard Paul in London, recently, an Oxford student who was making a disturbance in the audience was challenged by the singer to come on the stage and get a thrashing, which was declined.

☞ An exchange having said: "The first robin has been seen; but one robin doesn't make a Spring." The Auburn Bulletin retorts: "Try him with a bug, and see if he don't spring."

☞ The clergymen of Lebanon, Ind., are indignant because the girls of their congregations eat peanuts in church. The cracking noise often destroys the most beautifully-rounded sentences.

☞ A rich old fellow who owns more houses than any one man in Toledo, was waited upon by a committee for a subscription to build a fence about the cemetery. His reply was characteristic as well as humorous. "Gentlemen, I have always made it a rule in my business never to make any repairs until the tenants began to complain."

☞ There is a woman at Duluth who weighs 360 pounds. At a little distance it is difficult to tell which is the larger of the two, the town or the woman.

☞ A servant was obliged to leave a Danbury family after two hours of service, which enabled her to discover that the kitchen was hardly large enough to receive company in. She didn't doubt but that the location was healthy, however.

The Ear.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

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The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

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☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order*.

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1873.

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"LITTLE SAMUEL."

We received the following last week from a lady in Baltimore:—

"Please accept my acknowledgement of the reception of your lovely Chromo, "Little Samuel," which arrived safely. The unrolling of that picture was quite an event, and you would have been pleased to note the burst of admiration with which it was welcomed. It is very beautiful. There is a charm of purity and holiness in the rapt attention of that sweet youthful face, that seems to win all hearts. Every one is delighted who has seen it, and believe me, it shall ever occupy a conspicuous place in the home gallery."

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

NEW-FASHIONED CHILDREN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Are there anywhere on this earth, I wonder, such idiots of mothers as those New York mothers we read about this winter? You read about that New York party where the market value of the dress of a little snip, nine years old, was seven thousand dollars, of another conceited little snip was five thousand dollars, and the dresses of all the other little snips were extravagant in proportion to the length of purse of their demented mothers. Another time in the same city another little snip who ought to have had about the soundest spanking the tender hand of woman could administer, pouted and stayed at home and cried nearly all night because her pa wouldn't get her a new fifty dollar pink silk to wear to a child's party. At the first party mentioned, the noble New York mother of the shabbily-clad little creature whose dress only cost five thousand dollars, vowed that at the next party her daughter should be foremost, if she died for it; her dear daughter's dress should far outshine that of the stuck-up little seven thousand dollar young one!

And even here in our place, which New York could put into its pocket and never bulge out any, many rich people's children are so silly and hateful that there isn't a spark of sense left in their little heads, all through the vanity of their mothers. A nice way to bring up children that is, especially in a Republic, and a fine outlook it is for our Republic in the next generation, isn't it now? One of our neighbor's children, a tiny Republican-ess five years old, who wears ostrich plumes a foot long, embroidered silk velvet cloaks and gros grain sashes considerably broader than herself, whenever she meets any of the poorer young ones at Sunday-school or elsewhere, flirts her silly little skirts in the air, holds up her gros grain sash which is broader than herself, and remarks with lofty scorn:

"You can't have such nice clothes as I've got. You're too poor. My ma says so."

What a nice ma that child has, to be sure! But if in the next generation there are any women at all possessed of one spark of common sense or kindly, womanly feeling, those women will hardly come from among the children of rich folks. I say the heathen Chinese, who dwarf and deform with iron shoes the feet of rich female babies, are Christians and angels beside us, who thus dwarf and deform the minds of dear little children. A little girl's mind with all the child-like innocence, brightness and gentleness squeezed out of it, is a more hideous lump of deformity than a Chinese woman's foot. And the woman who will be guilty of thus stunting and frightfully deforming her child's nature, ought to be shut up in a lunatic asylum for life. There is hardly any punishment bad enough for such a mother.

I don't like the new-fashioned children. We can perfect nature, but we can't improve on her. I am sure God meant children in this world to be a perpetual reminder to man of his heavenly origin, by their unquestioning faith, innocence and loving helplessness, to recall evermore to his mind that paradise which he hopes one day to reach. I am sure God meant little children to keep alive all that is best, holiest and tenderest in the heart of man and woman. "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." How then can that mother hope to enter the kingdom who deliberately changes her innocent, loving little daughter into a vain, spiteful, cruel, bad-hearted old woman? I tell you, if there is any kingdom of heaven, I don't believe such a mother will ever go there. ZIG.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—I am most happy to have something new to tell you. Not that the information is of a very pleasing character, but because I have all along promised that when "No more the expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold,

"But full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and light o'er all surrounding Heaven,"

I would look for some decided novelties, and when found would "make a note of" in true Bunsby style.

That we should be blessed with a complete revolution in dress, I knew. There were two reasons for it; the first, ladies were not at all pleased or satisfied with prevailing modes, and, secondly, the modes were not very graceful or becoming. But from latest advices I judge they can't help but be satisfied now.

I have a full-length portrait of my great grandmother in her wedding outfit, and I have stood before it and thought that, becomingly dressed, she would have been an extraordinarily beautiful woman—not that beauty runs in our family to any great extent.

And, now, what have they been and gone and done in Paris but re-introduced that very same style of dress that was in vogue when my great grandmother was a gay and gushing girl of sixteen summers, I suppose you know the style referred to, for if you have no full-length portrait of your great grandmother, you must have seen pictures of the Empress Josephine and people who lived about that time, and remarked the absurd little waists right under the armpits, skirts perfectly plain, and the only fullness a few gathers in the middle of the back. Two breadths of ordinary width goods was plenty, but there was not much saving of material for all that, for the balance of a good dress pattern was used in the sleeves, which were close mutton-leg below the elbow, but above flared out into the most remarkable puff ever seen outside the advertising columns of a newspaper. To keep this puff in proper position a lining of stiff "foundation," or a series of pliable whalebone springs were placed inside, or, as was not unfrequently the case, great bolsters of down, which during such weather as we had last Fourth of July, must have been decidedly comfortable if nothing else.

I have not met any one yet this season attired in this fashion, but there is no doubt but a great effort is being made to revive it, and I see by London journals that several young society ladies have appeared in that dress, and that it will soon be the rage. It will be a "Godsend" to the short-waisted people, and they will probably rejoice, but those elegant figures who have prided themselves on their round, tapering waists, what of them? How do you suppose they will relish a style that will convert them into animated bags of flour with a string tied round the neck? And just imagine those narrow, plain skirts on a healthy young female who "kicks the beam" at one hundred and ninety in the shade. Methinks I see her now, and a captivated swain in the back-ground softly murmuring, "Beautiful being, wilt thou be mine?"

Well! it is no more than any of us might have expected. Extremes meet, you know, and what with our polonaises with no end of waist, our ruffles and bustles, and looped up skirts, it is not strange at all that we should wake up to find them all vanished like a beautiful dream, and in their place the antiquated dress of the "First Empire"—that's what they call it, I believe.

Street suits, as has been predicted, are to be worn without trains. Everybody is glad of this, and I have heard a number of ladies declare, that if the fashion is carried to the tops of the boots, they will not hesitate to adopt it. They admit that it is not just the style for *March*—but when these high winds shall have given way to gentle zephyrs and "ethereal mildness," they say they will wear it, if all New York comes out to look at them.

I don't like a defiant spirit of that kind any better than you do Mr. Post, but you see the ladies have been bemudded, and be-draggled, and distressed and annoyed beyond all endurance with those long, villainous train skirts, and they are growing rampant. They say, they have committed no crime that they should be thus punished, and as for submitting to such injustice any longer, they *won't*. And when a woman *won't*, she won't. So you will see that it was high time the fashion of short skirts came back. We had to have them, or a riot, and of the two, short skirts are much the best.

Hair dressing has been subjected to a modifying influence for the last year, and the results have been wonderful to relate. All that wilderness of false braids has disappeared, together with frizettes and puffs, and I believe it is pretty generally conceded that a head in the prevailing style—or rather in the height of it, is simply *awful*. It is not necessary to have much hair, your own if it is even sparse will answer, but it must be strained up to the very crown, and then the front hair, crimped or plain, according to the time or inclination of the wearer, must be drawn up from the forehead over a pompadour roll, the higher the better, a coronet braid on top of that is frequently seen. Now it is something strange that almost every one who adopts this fashion to its fullest extent is some one with a long face, long nose, long chin and long, narrow forehead. It beats all that ladies can't see, even in a five hundred dollar mirror, when their faces are long enough; and not make the mistake of adding to the effect by dragging the hair, that nature intended should float gracefully downwards in shining waves and ripples, upward over artificial pads. In Paris (according to reports from my agent there) they carry the fashion to an even more alarming extent than here. They wear the hair there over a monstrously high comb, and on the side is placed an aigrette that looks like a cockade, and reminds one of pictures of the ancient French grenadiers.

As this is the very latest, it is hardly probable that we shall have anything better this season. Of course the hair dealers are in despair over it, and lose no opportunity to denounce the present style as the most barbarous fashion ever introduced. But "it is an ill wind blows nobody good," as some one originally remarked after the burning of Chicago, and in just the same proportion that hair dealers are depressed, fancy goods dealers are rejoiced. Such worlds of exquisitely carved combs as they sell! Such wondrous gilt butterflies and ornamental hair pins, and jet beetles, and little made-up bows of ribbon with a feather in the centre, and sprays of rose-buds. In the days of *hair* these little appurtenances were not of much account. Hair in such quantities was ornament enough—but a change has come over the spirit of their dreams, and a head now, without the addition of a comb, or a ribbon, or a feather, or a spray of flowers, is rather a cheap concern to wax very enthusiastic over.

Bonnets are going to be prettier. I am very glad to chronicle this bit of intelligence, for I have heard of several suicides in fashionable life, and I have no doubt the unhappy creatures who laid violent hands on their own lives were driven to it through sheer despair. They were disgusted with themselves and with all they saw, and the bonnet was all the trouble. They locked frights, and they knew it, and they recklessly thought it harder to bear the ills they had, than to fly to others that they knew not of. To be sure we can't form much idea of what the shadowy Spirit Land is like, but it is safe enough to assume that such bonnets as we have had here the last year, would not be tolerated there the tenth part of no time. And by the same token a black-eyed gentleman with a blonde moustache asked me yesterday if "Turbans" would be fashionable his season, said his wife wanted to know. I was not posted at the time and adroitly changed the subject by asking him to take another glass of —— lemonade. He remarked afterward that he didn't like these high-crowned grenadier hats, he didn't like to see women taper off to such a sharp point, he said. There was some point to the remark, and I inwardly resolved that the business of my life should be to solve the question as to "Turbans," and I am most happy to announce for the benefit of my visitor's wife, and all other wives, that "Turbans" will be more fashionable than ever, and that we shall have them in high crowns and low crowns, with rolled up brims and with no brims, and that as ever they will be becoming to everybody, even if they do leave an ugly crease in the forehead when they are taken off. Next week, if no storm centres develop in the Middle States, I will describe some pretty costumes that are in course of preparation for Easter. In the meantime I am most truly,

OLIVE KING.

ALMOST HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LURA M. BIDELER.

I was sitting at the window,
Looking out into the street,
When I saw a group of children
Passing by with hurried feet;

One I saw among the number
Lingered somewhat by the way,
And the older ones asked kindly
"Are you very tired, May?"

Then the little one looked slowly
Back the long way she had come,
But she made this answer smiling,
"Yes, but I am almost home."

Passed the children into silence,
Hushed the sound of little feet,
And the darkness and the shadows
From my eyes have hid the street;

But the children's words still linger,
And methinks a lesson rare
We could learn if trusting only
To our Heavenly Father's care;

And, though sometimes dark and dreary
Seems the way by which we come,
Let us think, oh brothers weary,
That we too are "almost home!"

HOME AND SOCIETY.

WATCH YOUR PREMISES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The fearful record of the ravages of the fire fiend in the past two years should teach us housekeepers to keep close watch and ward over our houses, stables and barns.

And no sensible man or woman should delegate this office to another—a servant—but should investigate, nightly, every place where danger may lurk.

We would not have our friends so much afraid of fire that they are inclined to make it a constant topic of conversation and alarm; but we do desire that they should exercise a commendable degree of prudence and watchfulness, and that either the master or mistress of the house should attend personally to the clearing out of stove-pipes and the sweeping or burning out of chimneys in due season.

In our present complicated arrangements of flues and hot and cold water pipes, there are general principles which should always be borne in mind; to be sure the details of them can be carried out by others, but ours should be the general supervision. One of the chief causes of the frequency of fires in our large cities and towns is found in the defective flues and badly constructed furnaces and ranges of our homes. The so-called "modern conveniences" are at the bottom of many of the heavy losses sustained by individuals and fire insurance companies. These arrangements are very convenient doubtless, if properly built and well cared for, but exceedingly dangerous if not well constructed, or neglected by servants in charge who take no personal interest in their master's affairs.

If building contractors were only made to feel the responsibility which is attached to their work, we should hear less frequently of the flames bursting out and destroying whole blocks and squares or even single houses.

Their only desire seems to be to have the work done as cheaply as possible, so that they can reap the greatest pecuniary benefit from it, and it does not enter their heads to watch the masons as they construct the flues, which may be for the safety or destruction of the building. In olden times chimneys were built most substantially, and many thousands of bricks were employed in erecting one small flue. We know of a gentleman who had occasion to take down the chimney in a large, old brick house which had been constructed full fifty years ago, and it furnished enough brick to build three other chimneys in an addition made to the large house.

It is our good fortune to live in a house that was built sixty years ago, and in the bitter cold of the past months it has been a great comfort to think that its chimneys were erected in the days when men built houses on honor; and, no matter how loud the wintry wind howled, its breath could not kindle a flame in the huge chimneys where fires roared on the open hearths and in the large soap-stone stoves, which could heat through the quantities of brick and mortar which intervened between the flame and wood work, and char or set it on fire.

Watch the building of your chimneys if you would feel safe in your beds at night. See that the masons apply cement plentifully, and lay the bricks so thickly together that no flame can creep through and lap up your home. Defective stove-pipes, cracked stove cylinders, hot ashes placed in wooden vessels, kerosene lamps, rags saturated with oil, matches, and the like, are also the fruitful sources of many terrible conflagrations; and heedlessness and sloth are frequently the ubiquitous criminals, the incendiaries, which should bear the blame.

We must watch our premises as carefully as the dog guards his home. Stray matches will be left where mice or rats can carry them off and light the fire which causes such desolation; and hot ashes will often be placed in wooden buckets or against wooden doors—if care is not exercised to the contrary.

We know a man who lived in daily and nightly fear of fire, it was, indeed, the bane of his existence, and sleeping and waking he was never entirely rid of it; and yet he put wooden doors to his ash house, and a hired man, who had recently become an inmate of the family, took up in a hod of ashes so many burning coals, that the doors burst into flames and communicated with the wood-house which was close at hand, and before aid enough could be summoned, the house, barn, and wood-house were level with the ground.

Last season, in our village, an ignorant Frenchman was employed to kindle the fires in the district school-house, and took up the ashes in a wooden pail, setting it between his own small house and his little shoe shop. At midnight the flames burst out in both buildings and were not stayed until a large church, two dwelling houses, a large brick hotel, and two stores were totally destroyed. Thus mere ignorance laid waste a large part of the business portion of a town.

Many fires are the result of spontaneous combustion. It only requires a little cotton waste, oil and heat to light a fire without the aid of either coals or matches. And often the sun's rays will supply the needed amount of heat. A chemist recently placed some old cotton rags with two matches in a tin box, and hung the box up in an attic where the afternoon sun could shine directly upon it for several hours. In less than a week he found upon examination that only a puff of black cinders remained in the box. The sun had lighted the matches which had consumed the rags. There was no oil upon them, nothing but rags and matches—the same that can be found in many a rat's nest under the roof of our houses.

A pair of painter's overalls, besmeared with paint and oils, were then rolled up over some pine shavings and placed closely between the boards of a roof in a loft. Not a week afterward the smoke and smell of fire admonished the chemist of the daring of his experiment, and he found the overalls on fire.

The sun is a powerful agent in such matters, and now the newspapers chronicle that his rays, shooting through the glass of a cologne bottle, have had force enough to set on fire the worsted mat upon which it stood; and had not the room been occupied at the time, the flames would have set the bureau and room upon fire, and, perhaps, have destroyed the house. Thus spontaneous combustion upon cotton and woollen waste or rags, with or without oil, has been fully proved; and it behooves all of us housekeepers to clean up our premises with care. We must also keep the blinds closed in our attic windows, and not allow the sun to act the part of incendiary upon our toilette tables. We must not permit rags besmeared with kerosene or benzine to lie about in our pantries or sheds, but must see that all such dangerous things are destroyed when their use is at an end, and not permit the blest power of sunshine to become the destruction of our loved homes.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

THE WAIL OF A VICTIM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I received a letter stating that a friend of my youthful days—Miss Brown, let us call her—was domiciled in a certain small town, and that the said Miss Brown had repeatedly inquired for me. Miss Brown is an heiress. Accordingly I determined to visit the young lady, and to discover whether she was open to matrimonial offers or not. If not, I felt that my journey would be in vain.

I started; but first I got myself up regardless of expense. That hat, that necktie, and, above all, that coat were absolutely perfect. As I think of the perfection of that coat, I am forced to drop a few tears of silent sorrow into my bottle of ink which, by the way, is rather thick, and needs dilution. Thus do I combine sentiment with utility. But I digress. The tailor solemnly assured me that there was only one other coat like it in the world, and that had been sent to the British Museum, to serve as a model for all future ages.

Well, I reached Rosval—the place of my destination. Miss Brown was not at home. She had gone to visit a friend, and would be back on the following day. I left my card; the maid smiled amazingly, and said, "Oh, you're the gentleman she's always a-talkin' about!" I presumed that I was, and gave the girl a greenback.

I returned to my hotel—there was one only in the place—I registered my name, and heard the clerk, after scanning it closely, whisper, "One of *The Post* writers!"

And I thought nothing of this. I had no foreboding of evil. Why is it that while dallying upon the frightful edge of a fearful precipice, we never—we never—never mind the rest. I will proceed.

I took a seat in the parlor. There were no ladies there, so I puffed at my segar, and put up my feet on the back of the nearest chair—*comme la coutume de ma patrie*—and took things easy.

Suddenly there was a rush—a rustling of silk—a jingling of jet beads—and I felt my neck clasped between two hands, and the impression of two rings left in my flesh forever.

I started up in affright. My assailant was a damsel of fifty with eye-glasses and cork-screw curls. She was dressed very stylishly in last year's fashion.

"Can I ever thank you?" she asked in a melting voice.

"I don't know, I'm sure," I answered, somewhat bewildered.

"Oh, sir," she continued, "you don't know the good you have done—no, not a particle of it. The pen is mightier than the sword. Don't deny it, sir."

I had no intention of denying anything she might say, for she was a remarkably tall, stout female.

"Come in, dears," she said sweetly, addressing some unknown persons without, "he awaits you!"

"What on earth did she mean by that? Ten demure young ladies filed in, two by two."

"My name is Francesca Frain Mopson," said the tall female. "I am the principal of The Minerva Seminary for Ladies. These are my pupils who, hearing that you had honored our town with your presence, have come to pay their respects. Your lucubrations are daily read by our whole school in concert."

I bowed. I was greatly flattered; but, nevertheless, I couldn't help wondering how my latest production, "The Maniac Maiden's Last Shriek; or, The Curse of a Cruel Parent," would sound when read aloud in class.

"It's a man, after all," whispered one of the young ladies in a tone of disappointment.

"All the better," murmured another, "I like men."

Upon which Francesca Train Mopson glared at the last speaker. They formed a half circle, and stared at me.

"Would you have any objection to give my pupils some relics of your presence here—some small souvenir to each, you know?" asked the principal.

I took the seal from my watch, my penknife and three cough-lozenges, and endeavored to smile while distributing them. There was not enough to go round; the slighted girls began to grumble.

"Perhaps you would allow them to take a lock or so of your hair?" suggested the principal.

I felt my heart sinking—but can any American say "no" to a lady? I said yes.

I shall never forget that terrible experience. No sooner had I spoken the word, than, like a horde of lovely savages, the pupils each took a pair of scissors from some hidden receptacle, and rushed at my unfortunate scalp. In a few moments I was nearly bald.

The principal herself seized my coat-tails and cut off all the buttons. One young lady cut a wide strip from the end of those faultless coat-tails, and holding it before me with a fiendish smile, exclaimed—

"I'll wear it around my neck!"

"Oh, no, Ann Eliza," said a friend, "it would just *do* to go into that rag carpet we're making!"

Ann Eliza smiled sweetly and said—

"You always *are* right, dear!"

The principal made a speech and then went out, followed by her train. I felt as if a swarm of locusts had departed from the land. And then I calculated the amount of damage done.

My coat was spoiled. My collar and cravat had been ruthlessly confiscated. My head looked frightful. I deemed it best not to see Miss Brown in my present trim. Slowly and sadly I walked through the street toward the railroad station.

As I went, heads were poked out of upstairs windows, and little boys ran after me, exclaiming, "There he goes; there he goes!"

Not till I reached the cars did I solve the enigma. I had been taken for ——, a leading contributor to THE POST. Our names are unfortunately the same!

If all principles of honor are not dormant in that gentleman's breast, he will indemnify me for the loss of that coat, collar and cravat, to say nothing of the expense of purchasing a wig for A VICTIM.

LINES—TO "BOOTS."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

He's not very handsome,
Nor painfully good,
But I love him so well
I could eat him, I could.
And the name of the charmer
So precious to me,
—Are you anxious to know it?—
Begins with a B.

Six feet in his stockings,
—And two in his boots—
With tallest of beavers,
And neatest of suits;
And the name by which he was
Presented to me,
—Do you think you will like it?—
Begins with a B.

His eyes are two fires
Set widely apart,
One stray beam from either
Deals death to the heart;
And his blissful cognomen,
So precious to me,
—Don't you wish you may get it?—
Begins with a B.

The straightest of noses
My charmer possesses,
And when he proposes,
The softest of yes's
Will drop from those lips;
And my new name you see,
—So pray don't forget it—
Will be—Mrs. B. "SNOOKS."

NEEDED HOLIDAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

Truly, "variety is the spice of life," and women, I think, are defrauded, in a great measure, of the spice that should fall to their share. The endless bread-and-butter round must suffice for them, however keenly a spice cake might occasionally be relished. The mind needs change of diet as well as the body, and absolute starvation might sometimes seem to be preferable to the stale, unchanging, and monotonous fare on which many women's souls manage to subsist for a lifetime. But do not imagine that because they live and move, and because you can perceive in them no startling change, no sign of bodily attenuation from day to day, that they are not starving. The words "household cares" seem to have become a synonym for "household miseries."

Each day the round of accustomed duties is gone through with—sometimes, through force of long continued habit, mechanically, but always unfalteringly; each night brings its needed repose—perhaps its vain dreams—and daylight ushers in again the tasks, the labors that although "of love," have yet become wearisome. And this, because women, many of them, feel that they would be really neglectful of home duties and requirement, did they take, deliberately, from the many, many days devoted to the comfort and welfare of others, one which they might call their own, to be spent in the manner most pleasing to them—one little day, wherein might be heaped joy and gladness and freedom enough to last until the next holiday. In-door exercise is well enough in moderation—carried to extremes, it is barbarous. A day within doors, of general superintendence from basement to attic, is not in its self well calculated to improve one's temper or spirits, and when it comes to three hundred and sixty-five days (omitting a dozen or so for Sunday) spent in the same manner, be not surprised that amiability is at a discount, and *nerves* "on the rise!" But a housekeeper must fulfill a housekeeper's duties? Certainly. But housekeepers are generally wives and mothers, and as such are entitled to some few rights, and first among them is the right to preserve health and strength of body and of mind. Weary ones, little wonder is it that you *are* weary, that life for you seems to have lost its zest. The tread-mill is your portion, but shut your eyes resolutely to its claims for one day, or for one hour in the day; leave the house to take care of itself, while you do the same—don your hat and jacket, and spend the time allotted as best suits your pleasure and inclination—but stay out of doors if possible. Dig in the garden, coax your best friend out for a walk in the woods, anything you like, only stay out of doors!

When you step inside your four walls again they will have ceased to seem like a prison, and you will rejoice at heart that you followed this advice, if indeed you have taken the trouble to read it!

Valentines.

For several years the valentine mania has assumed such intense virulence in England as to be regarded by the unhappy employés of the post-office as the very blackest day in their calendar. Nearly 2,000,000 packets containing valentine matter pass through the post-office on the 13th and 14th of February, and the ratio of increase is double that of the population. There are 8 great makers—Rimmel, Dean, and Goodall. Rimmel is the famous perfumer and his goods waft their fragrance far and wide, and turn, nasally speaking, thousands of dirty post-office pigeon-holes into Araby the blest. Messrs. Dean claim to have produced the most costly valentine ever made. This was executed to the order of the Queen, and was a marvel of the illuminator's art, being also further enriched by feather flowers of the most exquisite description. These encircled some lines of poetry by the late Prince Consort, and the valentine was sent to the Prince of Wales on his eighteenth birthday. Its cost has not been divulged, on the principle, no doubt, that "the unknown is always wonderful."

Advice to Young Girls.

Girls talk and laugh about marriage as though it were a jubilee, a gladsome thing, a rose without a thorn. And so it is if it is all right—if they go about it as rational beings instead of merry-making children. It is a serious thing to marry. It is a life business. Therefore never do it in haste; never run away to get married; never marry for wealth or standing, or fine person, or manners, but only for character, for worth, for the qualities of mind and heart which make an honorable man. Take time; think long and well before you accept any proposal; consult your parents, then some judicious friend, then your own judgment. Learn all that it is possible for you to learn of your proposed husband; when all doubts have been removed, and not till then, accept him.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG LADIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY DAISY BURNS.

Young ladies are beginning to think it a mark of intelligence not to know anything about work these days—in the housekeeping and culinary line I mean. Of course they must play the piano or guitar, draw and paint a little, embroider some once in awhile, but to know anything about what is going on in the kitchen is too common; only mother and the servants need know anything of that business. We don't have mother with us always, and many a one who was at one time among the *elite* has been compelled to go out and battle with the world even as a servant. Therefore it stands all young ladies in hand to visit the kitchen sometimes. Some fear it will harden their hands; no doubt, but are your hands any better than mothers?

I was once at a young lady's house, and when I saw her mother begin to prepare the meal, I offered to work on her braiding while she assisted her mother.

"Oh, no," she said, "it's not worth while, she does the work all the time." I felt ashamed because *she* was not ashamed. Some young ladies boast of not knowing how to make biscuit, cook a chicken, &c. Such ignorance is not bliss, young ladies, and no one thinks any more of you for being so ignorant. On the contrary it will raise you in the estimation of all, should you make yourself wise in this line. It is a real accomplishment to know how to make good bread, and one on which every one should pride themselves. If you can cook and keep house generally, don't be ashamed of it. I have seen girls who could do all these things as well as any one, yet if you mentioned the subject before them they'd blush and pretend not to know anything. If you are really ignorant in this way, go at once and learn; because you know how, is no reason why you should have it to do. Yet learn, and then if you *do* have it to do, the work will be much easier for you. There are so many changes in life one never knows what to expect. I believe in people being prepared for every emergency.

When you go in the kitchen, and now of course you will, don't go with a frown and an ill word for everybody you meet; don't throw the stove-wood helter skelter, and make the pans rattle in your impatience; but go with a smiling face to show you are willing, and a cheerful song to show you can work and still be happy. One of the prettiest pictures of life is a young, blooming girl with her round arms bare to the elbow, a smile on her face, kneading dough, while the mother sits by and rests.

Go to the kitchen young ladies. Learn all you can while mother is with you; remember after awhile *you* will be mother, and others will depend on you just as you are now doing on your mother. See that you will be able to be depended upon.

INTERESTING.

Things a married man cannot help thinking:—

That all the girls used to be in love with him.

That all the widows are now.

That if he were a widower he could marry again whenever he chose.

That all the other fellows are fools.

That he wouldn't introduce any fellow *he* knows to his sister or his daughter.

That his wife is a little jealous.

That she used to be a pretty girl.

That his mother could make good bread; that his wife cannot.

That he would not trust most women.

That if he could ever speculate he would make his fortune.

That he would enjoy a country life.

That girls will never be so silly as to marry.

That his mother-in-law may be a fine old lady, but—

That smoking never hurt a man yet.

That with a little management the servants would always do well and never give warning.

That his shirt buttons are grossly neglected.

That he is going to make his fortune some day.

That he despises old bachelors.

Things a married woman cannot help thinking:—

That she was very pretty at sixteen.

That she had, or would have had, a great many offers.

That all her lady friends are five years older than they say they are.

That she has a very fine mind.

That if her husband had acted on her advice, he would be a rich man to-day.

That people think too much of the looks of that Miss ——, who would not be called handsome if she didn't make herself up.

That her mother-in-law is a very trying woman.

That her sister-in-law takes airs, and ought to be put down.

That her girls are prettier than Mrs. A.'s girls.

That she would like to know *where* her husband spends his evenings when he stays out.

That her oldest son takes after him.

That he is going to throw himself away on Miss Scraggs.

That Miss Scraggs set her cap for him, and did all the courting.

That her servant girls are the worst ever known.

That she has a good temper.

That she pities old maids.

The Origin of the Latest Style of Hat.

The story of how the Ragabas hat, now so fashionable in Paris, was invented, is a most curious one. For a long time it was a mystery, but the narrative of its origin has recently been told. As it may in time work its way to our side of the ocean, it will probably interest those who may chance to wear it to know that that notorious creature, Cora Pearl, was the inventor of the chapeau. Miss Pearl, as the story runs, attended a brilliant supper at the Maison Doree after witnessing M. Sardou's play of "Rabagas." While at the table the whim seized her to manufacture a new sort of hat, which she predicted would soon become the fashion. Carrying out her caprice, she took a hat of one of the gentlemen present, cut the brim with a table-knife, and requested the owner of the hat to crush it in with his fist with all the force he could give to the blow. This was done, and the result was a nondescript head-covering, round in shape, and with a most uproarious turn. She then called for a green veil and a ribbon, and declared that she would wear that hat for the rest of the season in the Champs Elysees and elsewhere. She was as good as her word, and after awhile a fashionable modiste took up the idea, and ladies who neither knew nor cared whence the hat originated adopted the fashion as an exquisite novelty. This eccentric bonnet is not only curious in shape but it is worn curiously. It is covered with a veil, and is placed on the back of the head, as if it were going to fall at every moment.

☞ A mountain settler in Tennessee learned for the first time the other day that Dave Crockett was dead, and sat down on a log and cried like a child.

FLEURETTE.

The sun still lights the wood with gold,
Still waves the bracken round our feet,
The autumn leaves, the hills, the wold,
Are e'en as when we used to meet;
The lake, the lawn, the terrace-ways,
The gray house by the river set;
As in the dead awe'd distant days,
As in the younger years, Fleurette.

But love is dead between us two,
And yet no tears are in our eyes;
Love is no more for me with you—
Love that, they say, like all things, dies.
Farewell! we journey different ways;
But parting now brings no regret,
As in the sweet dead distant days,
As in the younger years, Fleurette.

Farewell! farewell! in some strange place
Of other worlds, in other times,
We two may thus meet face to face,
We two may piece the broken rhymes;
We two may kiss once more, and gaze,
Our eyes with happy tears made wet—
Back on the dead sweet distant days,
Back on the younger years, Fleurette.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

"AUTHOR OF THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAIRY," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

A SEPARATION OF PARTNERS IN CRIME.

Somewhere about eight years after the events narrated in the last chapter, there sat in a darkened chamber a remarkable-looking couple—man and wife.

They were remarkable inasmuch as the man appeared to be the shattered wreck of a well-moulded, if not athletic man, and the woman because she had a face and mien curiously contrasting with the rather tawdry finery which bedecked garments somewhat sober in color and cheap in material.

The man, whose face was lined and drawn, and of that dull, pallid hue of old white wax which tells of continuous soddening spirit-drinking, cast a pair of large, bright black eyes upon the woman's cold, firm features questioningly, menacingly, and savagely.

Although physically he was greatly debilitated, and looked, as was indeed the fact, as though he were slowly recovering from an illness which had hurried him to the very verge of death, yet his eyes, like those of an unhappily confirmed consumptive, were sparkling, flashing, and energetic.

He had been reclining on a chair supported by pillows, but, stung by some remark which had fallen from the lips of the woman, he rose to his feet, grating his teeth with suppressed inward rage. He tried several times to say something to her, but the words appeared almost to strangle him.

He tottered to a table, upon which stood a tumbler containing brandy-and-water, and, clutching it with both hands he with difficulty raised it to his lips; indeed, his hands trembled so excessively that he had to bend his head down to the mixture to enable it to reach his throat without being spilled. Half-emptying the glass, he set it down again, turned his face to his companion, and ejaculated hoarsely—

"So, this is to be the last?"

"The last," echoed the woman firmly, and with compressed lips.

"There is no other condition?"

"No other condition."

The man uttered a terrible oath, and clutched his two hands.

"I should like to throttle you!" he growled, vindictively.

"You dare not," she returned, folding her arms. "Reckless lunatic and insane sot that you have been, you are not all fool. You would not kill the goose which gave you your golden eggs."

He bit his nether lip quiveringly.

"I have been a fool—a wretched fool," he muttered, pressing his attenuated hands to his burning temples.

"Worse," she responded, contemptuously, "if there can be aught worse than a man wasting in riot and filthy drink an income which would have enabled him to pass on to the end of his days in ease and comfortable independence—squandering it so that the departure of the last farthing takes place at the moment he is powerless, strengthless, brainless to help himself."

"That is not my case," he muttered, huskily.

She gave a short laugh.

"No?" she ejaculated, questioningly, and elevated her eyebrows as if she were truly amazed.

"No!" he repeated, fiercely, again grating his teeth audibly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Let me sketch your future for you," she exclaimed, with a curling lip. "It is needless to remark that you received, in common with me, a lump sum in payment for taking a child and bringing it up as our own, and, in addition to that, an annuity for keeping a secret of no common kind. I do not mean to vex you, Lister, by recalling the fact that you have literally flung away the handsome *douceur*—I will not wound your susceptibility, ha! ha! by saying bribe—in low revels, and mortgaged your income to the last penny to indulge in your beastly pursuits. You are utterly, abjectly, dependently penniless. You cannot take a situation of any kind, if you felt even the commonest inclination for work, and you must exist on what I please to bestow on you, or starve. I have agreed to pay you a weekly sum, enough to keep body and soul together—more than enough—on the condition that you keep away from me and the child forevermore."

He gripped his two hands nervously but tightly together, and gasped—

"The child—the child—aha!"

She did not appear to heed this ejaculation, or to notice the strange, sudden gleam which shot from his eyes, as though a new idea of immense importance to himself had flashed through his brain.

"Keep away," repeated the woman, with slow and deliberate emphasis; "hide yourself from us, never darken the hems of our garments with your shadow, but go only to the place where you will receive the weekly stipend I shall pay you, ask no questions, and retire, as you came, in silence."

"And you suppose that such a purposeless life will be my future!"

"I am sure of it," she answered, decisively. "You will not fail to call for your dole early on the morning of the day it is due. You will commence to get rid of it at the first dram shop you reach, and not pause until it is all gone. You will then lie in your kennel until the day comes round for you to get more."

"And this will be my career from week to week, eh?" he inquired, with slightly contracted brow.

"And year to year, until the workhouse authorities carry you in a parish coffin to a pauper's grave," she answered, fixing her cold, steadfast eye upon him.

For a moment it seemed as if he were being choked by a convulsive spasm. He staggered back, fell into his chair, and covered his face with his tremulous hands.

A hideous rattling sound issued from his throat, and even the woman for a moment thought his last hour had come, and she advanced a pace or two toward him.

Before, however, she could lay her hand upon his shoulder, as was her intent, he rose up abruptly, and turned upon her with a ghastly smile, which made her blood run cold.

"Yours is not a flattering picture," he said, in a forced whisper, "and I do not think it a photograph. We shall see."

"We shall," she returned, with a confident nod of the head; "that is," she added, quickly, "providing you abide by the conditions."

"I will abide by the conditions, never fear," he returned, with a vacant laugh, and a restless shifting of his eyes; "that is, if you abide by yours."

"I shall do that you may rest assured," she returned, emphatically, and appended, significantly, "The sooner we complete the contract the better. It will suit me if you leave to-day."

"Better if it had been two years back," he laughed, grimly. "However, I do not want to stay, for I am heartsick of you. I wish you could imagine only half the hate I bear you. If it had not been for the child you would have lost sight of me years ago."

And he shook his fist in her face.

"We waste time," she rejoined, frowning gloomily and looking as if she reciprocated his hate with venomous intensity. "Shall I pack up the few things you have left?"

"Softly," he returned, waving his hand in turn. "Before we remove the light of our countenances from each other forever, I wish to have an explanatory word or two with you on certain matters which by a kind of tacit consent we have hitherto kept under the lock and key of the mind. I, because I foresaw that a dispassionate discussion of them one day would be to my advantage; you, because—"

He paused, and looked abruptly into her eyes.

She did not wince, but after a moment's pause said, in a tone of remarkable self-possession, considering the suggestive expression in his flashing eyes, and what his hint had wrenched, as it were, up into her mind—

"Have no affected consideration for me, I beg of you, Mr Sydney," she exclaimed, with sarcastic coldness. "Finish your sentence. And I because—because what?"

"Because," he added, slowly, "you have no desire that the secrets which you have in your mind, as you fancy, secure as the yolk of an egg in its shell, should be broached, brought even to sight, for fear the shell should be cracked."

She regarded his face with a sharp, quick, piercing scrutiny. She strove to read in its expression what secrets he referred to, and how much he knew of them. But in this he baffled her, for, detecting her searching examination of his features, he at once assumed a stolid look, and nodded his head with a kind of inane smile.

She racked her brain for an instant. "What does he know? What *can* he know?" she thought, anxiously. With another glance at his haggard, besotted countenance, she assured herself that he knew nothing, could know nothing, of that secret which she believed would one day be of so much value to her. She curled her lips scornfully.

"Have your say," she exclaimed, in a half undertone; "I have kept no secrets from you, and I shall only regard any wonderful disclosure you may see fit to make as the insane wanderings of a brain softened and abrased by drink."

"Ah!" he ejaculated, elevating his eyebrows, and smiling. "Just so—well. I will not ask you to betray yourself, or even to make an acknowledgement to me. I will just submit a few of the insane wanderings of a brain softened and abrased by drink for your consideration."

"Proceed," she said, refolding her arms, with the air of one who was compelled to listen to idle babblings, with as much patience as might be commanded. She, however, found quickly that her ears drank in his words with an avidity she had not dreamed of.

"I suppose there is no dispute that our child, Etheline—whom you have named Lyddy—is, of course, the daughter of Lord and Lady Hastingleigh?" he commenced.

"You have sworn never to betray that secret," she interposed, hastily.

He made a gesture with his hand.

"I am not betraying it to you," he said, with a kind of snarl; "you know as well as I do."

"Well she is. What of it?" she rejoined, hastily.

"Only this—it is a fact not to be lost sight of by me," he rejoined, significantly. "The next thing is, by way of admission, merely—Lady Hastingleigh was supposed to be drowned at the Stepping Stones, down at Hastingleigh Court."

"Supposed!" she iterated, with a half scream; "she was drowned!"

"Gently, Mistress Sydney, born Anne Marchmont," he rejoined, with a sneer. "I do not say that her ladyship was not drowned; but if I will not swear that she was, will you?" he appended, sharply.

She recoiled, and, drawing a deep breath, bit her lips as if she would keep strangled the gasp that struggled to escape from her lips.

Presently she murmured—

"You know that she was drowned in the Earl's Pool, and buried at the village church."

"I know that your sister, mad Lyddy Marchmont, was drowned in the Earl's Pool on that dread night," he responded, in an almost unearthly whisper.

"You lie!" she half shrieked, catching at his throat as if she would strangle him.

But, invalid though he was, excitement lent him strength, and he threw her off.

"I know that Lyddy was drowned on that night, and I have proofs I can lay my hand on whenever I choose," he growled. "Do not force me to bring them forward too soon. I do not want to blab until it suits me. You look incredulous still. Listen. I wanted, one night, when Lady Hastingleigh was missing, to speak with you alone, I sought you, and had to hunt for you in other apartments than your own, and I found you in her ladyship's dressing-chamber. I entered with the footstep of a mouse, and saw you busily occupied in making up a parcel of Lady Hastingleigh's garments. I saw her ladyship's jewel-case open, and watched you half empty its contents, and place the trinkets, wrapped in a handkerchief, among the clothes. You made all up into a bundle, and proceeded stealthily, like a practiced burglar, to leave the room by an ante-chamber, through which Lord Hastingleigh alone need to pass. I left my place of concealment on tip-toe, too; for I thought you were betraying a vice of which I had not before dreamed you could be guilty. I followed you down the private staircase, across the park, to—to—your sister's cottage. Woman—I saw that poor demented creature lying dead and stark on her little bed, dripping and drenched dank, cold, white as marble—dead! I saw you partly change her habiliments, and I guessed what a spirit of revenge was prompting you to do. I did not let you quit my sight until you were back in your own apartments again. I saw the body when it was brought from the Earl's Pool to Hastingleigh Court, and when it lay in its sad state in the banquet-hall. I recognised the habiliments, the jewels, woman! I said to myself, Anne Marchmont is not a thief, but she is a spirit of vengeance. Here lies Lyddy Marchmont, wickedly betrayed and ruined by Lord Hastingleigh, in his banqueting-hall as his wife, and she will lie with his ancestors in the tomb of the Hastingleighs. I kept your counsel then, as you know, and testified to the body as being that of Lady Hastingleigh, because I foresaw that one day the secret would be worth having. There, have I not submitted something worthy of your attention?"

The woman's face had gradually grown whiter and whiter as he had proceeded with his disclosure, but she yet remained outwardly cold and firm. She even responded with a readiness for which he was not quite prepared—

"As a piece of invention, your story is artfully and skilfully constructed," she said, with deliberate emphasis. "Perhaps also, you have arranged a plot in which Lady Hastingleigh has been playing a part—that is, if you are hardy enough to assert that she was not drowned on that night at Hastingleigh—and has been flitting about the country since as a spectre, to frighten country louts at cross-roads on moonless nights?"

"Whether her ladyship is dead or not is a secret yet to be discovered," he rejoined, with a supremely significant movement of the head; "to be discovered, it may be, by you, though you have not done it yet, notwithstanding you have tried precious hard when you thought I had no idea of what you were up to; to be discovered, perhaps, by me—madam—Mistress Sydney, born Anne Marchmont—when it suits me to do it, I possessing a clue which you do not. Aha! aha!"

He brushed up his straggling, dusty, tow-like hair, and tottered about the room.

She followed him with malevolent eyes, and grated her teeth vindictively; but controlling her inward rage, she said, half-scoffingly—

"Is this all you know?"

"It will do for the present," he answered, quickly and brusquely. "You are going to allow me a pension, you know, and I am desirous of intimating to you my true value in case you should happen suddenly to become lax and negligent in the payment of that pension. You might grow weary, you know, of being punctual. In that event—"

"Bah!" she interrupted, impatiently. "You know me better. You do not think me a fool, whatever other estimate you may have formed of me. I shall not only be punctual, but I may be liberal. That will depend on yourself."

"Ah!" he rejoined, smiling grimly. "If I drink hard, your liberality will increase, in order to bring the pension to a sudden stop one fine morning." He snapped his fingers, and showed her both rows of his teeth. "Are we not showing our hands?" he added, sarcastically. "Let us stop that, and go on with our game—in silence."

He paced the room for a minute or two with a tottering step, and then, turning sharply to her, he said, abruptly—

"Where is Lyddy—the angel-child—the beautiful, the bright, and the bitterly-wronged? I must see her, speak with her, kiss her face—her young, innocent, lovely face—before I go."

"Absurd!" responded his wife, with a frown. "You have seen your last of her, and let me caution you not to sputter trash about her wrongs. It may be dangerous to you."

"A fig for danger!" he cried, quickly. "I am past fear now. I will see her at once, or I do not budge an inch, do your best and your worst."

Mrs. Sydney bit her nether lip, and betrayed by her rapidly-fluttering eyelids and sparkling eyes how much this request irritated her; but, withal, she smothered it, for she saw he meant stubbornly to carry out his threat, so she quitted the room with a hurried step, and returned immediately, leading—nay, almost dragging by the hand—a slim and graceful girl, apparently about eleven or twelve years of age. As she entered the room half reluctantly, the haggard, wasted man uttered a sound between a gasp and a sob, and ejaculated—

"My beam of sunlight, my ray of brightness, the star of Bethlehem in this tomb, come to me—come to me! Let me hear thy silver voice, let me gaze on your tender eyes, let me feel the velvet touch of your soft hands, before my gloom—my darkness—my night falls upon me!"

Mrs. Sydney gave a shrill, sneering laugh, and remarked contemptuously upon what she scoffingly termed his rhodomontade; but not an expression that fell from his lips exaggerated the remarkable attractions of the young creature who stood before him.

She was tall for her age, and her singularly graceful, slight figure was not concealed by the fashion of her habiliments, for she wore a rich blue frock of French merino, made so as to exhibit the upper part of her neck and throat, and descending not more than a hand's breadth below the knee. It was not alone in the beautiful outline of figure and limb that she displayed the characteristics of aristocratic descent, but in the wondrous clearness and whiteness of her complexion, which did not betray a spot or speck to sully it, and which also was as transparent as virgin blanched wax. Her hair was a rich though pale brown, tinged with aureate filaments, and looked as if it had been tinted with gold dust; while her large, deep, dark purple eyes fringed with long black lashes, made her look, in the marvellous intensity of expression which flashed from them, more like a spirit from the Brighter Land than a child of human clay.

When Lister, known to her only as her father, bearing the name of Sydney, addressed her in the romantic strain which excited the contempt of his wife, the child looked at him with a curious kind of grateful expression in her eyes, and advanced where he was seated—for he had sunk exhausted into a chair—tendering both her hands, which he took and kissed with a kind of hungry avidity.

Then he encircled her waist with his arm, smoothed her hair from her temples, and kissed her cheek.

At the same instant an expression of pain shot across his features. It was not, however, the result of mere physical pain, but because he felt that she submitted to his caress with a scarcely-concealed reluctance, as if it were distasteful to her.

His quick eye quickly perceived the slight contraction of her brow, the swift dilation of her nostril, and the haughty movement of her head, as his parched, burning lip quitted her cheek.

Instinctively he released her, and muttered, but inaudibly—

"Nature speaks with her; the blue blood makes its voice heard, although it does not disclose the secret it can tell to her. One day it will—one day it *shall*, if it so please the Great God whom I have in the past so offended, but whom, in the future, I will conciliate if I can—for her sake."

He looked in her young, beautiful face steadfastly for a minute and in silence, and two large tears, disengaging themselves from his eyelids, trickled slowly down his cheeks. He did not offer to brush them away, but, heaving a deep sigh, he said, huskily:

"Lyddy, my beloved child, I am going to leave you—I am going away for the benefit of my health—ahem!—and—and for other reasons. As the song which you sing so sweetly says, 'It must be for years, and it may be forever,' so I want to say—to say—hem—to say—good-bye—for a long—long—"

He turned his face away, and, covering it with his hand, broke into a sobbing fit.

A rush of tears instantly came into the girl's sweet eyes, and her lip quivered.

"Do not cry, papa Sydney," she exclaimed, in a soft voice which seemed to interpenetrate his frame; "do not cry—I cannot bear to see you cry."

"Yes, for goodness sake, let us have none of this maudlin rubbish, idiot," interrupted Mrs. Sydney, scornfully. "Bid her good-bye, and make an end of it."

He turned to her as if her tongue, like a scorpion's, had stung him, and he dashed the scalding tears from his cheek.

"I have been an idiot, I know," he growled, rather than ejaculated. "What I shall prove to be you may live to learn. I will bid my princess good bye; but as to making an end of it, we shall see, Mistress Sydney, born Anne Marchmont."

Mrs. Sydney screwed both her eyes up, and her lids fluttered rapidly, as if there were mischief in her thought.

"We shall see," she mused, with a hard smile.

He turned again to the child, and in a clearer, firmer, and more emphatic tone, he said to her—

"You know my face well enough to remember it, Lyddy so long as you may live—do you not?"

"Oh, yes," she answered readily.

"And you will not forget it?" he pursued.

"Oh, no—never," she responded, with equal promptitude.

"Look at it well now before we part," he continued, with a startling emphasis. Look closely at every feature—the mouth, the nose, the eyes. Mark particularly the eyes—the color and the expression—fix them, fasten them, imprint them on your memory—never, never permit anything to efface them from your recollection—associate them with the name of Lister—"

"Is the fool mad?" interrupted his wife, with a passionate stamp of the foot.

"No!" he shouted, vehemently; "the fool is beginning to come to his senses. Mark me, woman, be silent until I have finished, or you may repent it, for I am in a very dangerous mood just now!"

Mrs. Sydney fell back, working her hands convulsively, while he went on addressing the wondering girl—

"Every night when you repeat your prayers say to yourself, 'Papa Sydney, papa Lister, my name is not Lyddy, but I live in hope—Lord hear me—I live in hope.' Will you do this, Lyddy, by your sacred word?"

Instantly there rose up in the brain of Lydia a remembered voice, and in a tone which now thrilled every nerve in her frame it whispered—

"Papa Sydney, papa Lister, my name is not Lyddy; but I live in hope! Lord hear me! I live in hope!"

"Not a word more, my darling little lady—not a word more, my princess," he interrupted, with a voice half-choked by emotion. "Now Mistress Sydney, born Anne Marchmont, my hat, my coat, my stick, and I commence my pilgrimage through the stony, briery world!"

Within an hour from that time he had turned his back on the threshold of the house in which he had lived for so many years.

Within two days Mrs. Sydney, with her young charge, had turned her back on it too.

She sold the whole contents of the house to a furniture-dealer, and departed without leaving a clue behind her.

CHAPTER VI.

ACROSS THE BROAD ATLANTIC.

"Mistress Sydney, born Anne Marchmont," as we have said, left no trace behind her so that she might be tracked from her old home to her new abode. She even changed her name to Smith, and took a great deal of pains to impress on the mind of her adopted daughter that her true name was Smith, and that she had borne the name of Sydney to answer a purpose which had now been answered.

There was some truth in this, and the child, whom with a secret object she now called by one of her proper names—Etheline—listened to her statement, her explanations, and her injunction in silence. She listened with downcast eyes and without comment—listened with an expression of reflectiveness on her features which disquieted Mistress—Smith.

It was the look of one who heard without being convinced—of one, in fact, who received the communication without being in the slightest degree impressed with its truth, and pretty much as if she were thinking of something else all the while.

And so she was. For the eager earnestness, almost terrifying look, which her reputed father Sydney had fastened on her, clung to her mental vision ineffaceably, and his last words almost clanged in her ears constantly, "My name is not Lyddy, but I live in hope—Lord, hear me—I live in hope." She could not, child as she was, comprehend even to what they pointed; but she was gifted with a quick, bright, active intelligence, which had been sharpened by the school in which, since her departure from Hastingleigh Court, she had been brought up, and therefore she felt, with a kind of instinctiveness, that they were words to be remembered, and might prove one day valuable to her, although she could not, of course, in any fashion conjecture wherefore.

At first Mistress Annie Smith was angry and vexed at what she conceived to be her stolidity; but she contented herself by the assurance that the past would fade from her mind, especially if she carried out an intention she had formed of proceeding to America, where she had been informed that her first love—for she had loved, and fiercely too—one Alan May, having lost his wife, had settled, and was making a large fortune. It would not be difficult to find him out. She would present herself to him as a widow, rearing her dead sister's child, and no doubt the old love would inspire him to make her his wife.

Her marriage with Lister she did not regard as a bar, for, with a horrible determination to accomplish her object, she inwardly resolved, should she fail to make him drink himself to death, to administer to him something in his potations which should abruptly terminate the pension she had agreed to allow him.

It was, however, impossible for her to leave England without making secure arrangements respecting the payment of the settlement made by Viscount Hastingleigh, now Marquis of St. Leonards, upon her and her sister Lydia, whom she every half-year made an affidavit was alive and in a lunatic asylum; and while doing this, and making herself mistress of the whereabouts of the marquis, she learned that, after a long sojourn abroad, and a tour nearly round the world in his yacht, he had returned to Hastingleigh Court, where great alterations were being made. It was reported that it was his lordship's intention to build a complete set of hunting and racing stables, and to become master of the finest pack of hounds in the county.

This information cost her a day in deliberation, but before she slept she had constructed a little plot, and when she awoke she commenced to carry it out.

A dressmaker was employed to furnish little Etheline with a dress of a somewhat old-fashioned style, but of a beautiful fabric, and of such excellent fit as to show off to the greatest advantage the exquisite symmetry of her form. All other articles of dress were made to correspond, and were of such materials as are worn by only children of the wealthy and the great.

The woman born Anne Marchmont had been a lady's-maid in the early part of her career, and knew how to dress the child to produce the effect she desired; and when everything was complete, she set out with the little Etheline for Hastingleigh Court.

On reaching the pretty village adjacent, she took up her abode with an uncle and aunt, who were living there, and had been all their lives. They were, she knew, too old and too stolid to take any particular notice of Etheline, or to doubt that, as she told them, she was her child. They acquainted her with all that was going on at the Court, and she found that the marquis's intentions with respect to the alterations to be made were understated rather than exaggerated.

"So much the better for me," she thought.

And when she heard that the marquis took the greatest interest in the changes—personally superintended them—and had further announced his intention of building a bridge where the Stepping Stones still afforded an insecure means of crossing the river, especially when swollen, she rubbed her hands and smiled gleefully—for her.

Attiring herself in an exactly similar manner to that in which she was dressed when she had her last interview with the then Viscount Hastingleigh, taking most scrupulous care to dress Etheline in such a way as she had never before been attired, she proceeded to Hastingleigh Court. Making herself known to the housekeeper, who still retained her post, she had no difficulty in obtaining permission to take up a position in the room which had once been the Viscountess Hastingleigh's boudoir, and there to await an interview with the marquis, to whom she sent a message, couched in such mysterious language, yet by no means incomprehensible to him, which she was sure would promptly bring him to her.

As soon as she was alone she removed her own bonnet and shawl, and the long brown cloak in which Etheline had been enveloped. She also took from her head a broad-brimmed straw hat, trimmed with a wreath of common flowers, and suffered her long, fair, brown, gold-tinged satin tresses to fall in spiral, shining waves to her waist. Over her shoulders she placed a white ermine cape. It had once been the Viscountess Hastingleigh's, from whose wardrobe this woman had filched it; but it was altered to fit Etheline, and it only partly concealed the ultramarine blue dress which descended a little below the child's knees.

As Mistress Smith, "born Anne Marchmont," surveyed her charge, as she stood silently gazing round her with wondering eyes, looking wondrously beautiful, an exclamation of forced admiration burst from her thin lips—but not admiration alone—no, indeed!

She saw in the slender, graceful, elegant girl before her an extraordinary counterpart, though in a diminished form, of the Viscountess Hastingleigh. It was that startling resemblance which extorted the cry from her, and instinctively she turned to a place on the wall where a portrait of the viscountess, when she was a girl, exquisitely painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, used to hang.

The painting was there still, but its face was to the wall.

A hot flush sprang up into the cheeks and forehead of the relentless woman, and she smiled vindictively, as she did when a certain thought ran in a kind of joyous riot through her mind.

"Lyddy, my girl," she muttered, with a grim gratification, "if your poor spirit could only see how your common red blood is curdling, freezing his 'blue blood!'"

It is impossible to convey the loathing expression she gave to the utterance of the last two words; but almost instantly she changed the aspect of her features, composing them into a hard, calm, passionless repose, as though emotions or memories had no place in her heart or brain.

She had heard a footstep on the stair—a stately step—and it paced the corridor slowly, approaching the room in which she was with her lovely little charge.

At this moment the latter, in the soft, sweet, silvery tones which had been, as he confessed, such music to the man Lister, half whispered, half spoke—

"Mamma Sydney, have I ever been here before?"

"Hush, you little fool! There is a great lord coming. You must not say a word unless he speaks to you, and then you must say—what you like, by the bye, for the truth from your lips will serve me better than anything which may fall from my own. Hush! be silent as death, and wait."

The footsteps still beat slowly and regularly on the tesselated floor of the corridor, and as they sounded closer to the open doorway, the woman drew herself erect, and stood motionless with her face toward it.

Etheline heard that footstep too. She glanced once at the face of mamma Sydney, and then turned her fair young countenance to the doorway.

A moment more and a shadow fell on it—a moment more and the Marquis of St. Leonards confronted one who looked to him like the apparition of Nurse Marchmont, as he had last seen her, and the other—

He turned cold, and sick, and faint, as if he were going to swoon, when his eyes fell on the child's face turned to his with a quiet, marvelling, questioning look upon it.

Like nearly all men of his high breeding, he was not in the least degree demonstrative. Certainly not now, after having schooled himself in moments of the fiercest excitement in racing circles, to appear at all times and under all events imperturbed, and he stood as silent, as rigid, and apparently as composed as the woman before him.

He recognized her at once, and had she been alone, it would have been with rather a vexed indifference than any other emotion, but she had with her a companion who electrically changed his apathy into an agony of interest.

But even instantly he saw that he must conceal what he felt, and appeared to be as unmoved in the transaction in which he intuitively comprehended he would be called upon to take part, as if he were dealing with people with whom he had nothing in common.

He contracted his brows, and forced on his features a rigid, set coldness; and then said, slowly, in the peculiar intonation of the high-born, which cannot be imitated undetected—

"Marchmont, I recognize you. What do you want with me? I framed conditions to which you subscribed—with an oath, you know—but—ha! ha! I forgot, a woman's oath is a subject of ribaldry to the Gods. You have broken your compact, woman! Why are you here?"

"I wish to say a few words to you, my lord, before I quit England for ever," she answered, slowly, but with distinct emphasis.

He gave one rapid, furtive glance at Etheline, and with an effort which was not apparent, he rejoined—

"Ah! you and your husband, eh? and—and—family."

"Not my husband, my lord," she returned, drooping her head. "He is dead."

"Dead—Lister dead!" he repeated, quickly. "When did this happen?"

Etheline looked up wonderingly in the woman's face, but she gripped her hand tightly, and the child, having been already tutored, knew that the squeeze of her fingers meant that she was to be silent.

"At least dead to me, my lord," she resumed, adding, with a sneering curl of her lip, "he could not accustom himself to the life of a gentleman. He fancied that it meant unlimited indulgence, and he has drank himself into a state of hopeless idiocy. I have placed him in an asylum, where, as the medical officers inform me, as his case is utterly hopeless, he will pass gradually, but certainly, to a lingering death."

Etheline, strangely or not, lost not one word of these utterances, and at the same time, with an impulse for which she could not—indeed, did not think to—account, she thought of the last words of "papa Syndey" to her. She recalled his features vividly to her imagination, and she at the same time said softly to herself—

"Lister—papa Lister—papa Sydney."

Then she turned her full eyes on the marquis's face—he whom she had just been told was a great lord—and murmured—

"I live in hope—Lord, hear me—I live in hope."

The marquis started as her murmurings, like the dropping of spray into a crystal fountain, fell upon his ears, and he exclaimed, a little surprised—

"What does she say?"

"Nothing, my lord," returned the woman, hastily. "Lis—Sydney, my lord, was fond of the child, and he used to babble and talk rubbish to her until he has made her almost as great a fool as himself. You must not pay any attention to what she says, my lord."

"I do not know that," he responded, as he fastened his eyes upon the fair young face of Etheline, and eagerly, for the first time, perused every lineament.

A scarlet flush mounted to his cheeks, a crimson band stretched across his forehead, and he suddenly upturned his eyes to the place where the portrait of his wife yet hung, but which exhibited only the unsightly back of the canvas and frame.

Then his face grew white unto death, utterly white, and, stoic though he tried to compel himself to be, he turned abruptly and walked to the window.

The struggle which went on within him for a few minutes was torturing. Memory was violent with him—it brought back every incident of that terrible night when he crossed and re-crossed the Stepping Stones, and it hardened his heart.

He wiped from his brow the cold clammy globules of icy perspiration, and smoothed away every trace of hate, vindictiveness, or inward suffering from his features, and then, with a calmness perfectly impenetrable, he approached Etheline, and said to her coldly and haughtily—

"What is your name, child?"

She looked at him steadfastly, as if it were her intention to imprint every one of his lineaments on her memory, and undoubtedly she succeeded.

But such was not her intention. She had a curiously vague impression that she had seen his face before, even as she imagined the room in which she stood was in some way familiar to her. He was embarrassed by her look of inquiry, and he sharply repeated his question.

"Etheline," she returned, with a slight ruby tinge of resentment springing to her cheek, and a manner which instantly became as haughty as his own.

"Lyddy—Lydia," prompted Mistress Sydney, quickly. "You are always called Lyddy, you know."

The child turned her large eyes up to hers, and said, with unhesitating frankness—

"You used to call me Lyddy—but a little while ago you told me that my true name was Etheline, and that I was to be called Lyddy no more."

"That—that was when we got into a foreign land, you know, pet," rejoined Mrs. Sydney, in a wheedling voice.

The marquis bent his bright eyes on the woman, and demanded, with some abruptness—

"Is this—this child—your sister's, Marchmont?"

"Marchmont" turned her sallow face as abruptly to his, and with unconcealed derision, said—

"Look at her face again, my lord, and then put that question to me once more if you can."

He instinctively complied, and his lips became compressed and his nostrils dilated, but he kept back the scorching, abrasing sigh.

"No," he presently ejaculated; "no—I do not doubt who she is."

Again addressing the child, he said, in the same lofty, distant way in which he had before spoken to her—

"Etheline or Lyddy what, child?"

"Etheline Sydney," she returned, with downcast eyes, for she did not like the expression in his as he spoke to her.

"It will be Smith in America, my lord," quickly interposed the nurse, with a significant smile.

"It is immaterial," he answered, coldly; then, still questioning the child, he added, with slow emphasis, "You have no other name that you have heard at any time mentioned, have you? Speak openly and truthfully."

"Nurse Marchmont" was about to prompt her, but he raised his hand in a commanding manner, and ejaculated—

"Be silent, woman!"

"No," replied Etherline, in a low voice.

"And you know yourself to be the daughter of the woman by your side, and of the man—"

"Papa Sydney, darling, you know," suggested the woman, quickly.

"Yes," answered Etheline, unhesitatingly; but adding at the same time, with the plainest unreserve, "but I have often been told that I am no child of theirs, and that I cannot be."

Mrs. Sydney uttered an ejaculation of pretended amazement. The marquis only screwed his eyes together, and laughed.

"It is enough; I am satisfied," he observed, quickly; and then, in a tone which went like a sheet of red-hot flame through the breast of the woman Sydney, he said—

"Your sister, the mad woman, still lives, and is still insane, of course, or I should have heard of the stoppage of her annuity?"

Anne Marchmont, with a curse bubbling on her lips at this unfeeling allusion to her sister, bent her face down to conceal her features.

"She yet lives, and is still mad, my lord," she answered, in a sibilant whisper.

He remained silent, and again walked to the window, as if to nerve himself for some other questions, and when he came back his face was, if possible, paler than before, and there flashed a strange, restless fire in his eyes.

Dropping his voice so as scarcely to be audible, he said—

"You found a letter on the night Lady Hastingleigh disappeared, and was drowned—do you remember the signature it bore?"

"I do, my lord," she replied, with a sharp effort of memory; "it was Cleveland Dysart."

"Have—have—you ever heard that name uttered since?"

"Never, my lord."

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite sure, my lord."

He drew a deep breath, and turned as if about to leave the apartment. He pointed to Etheline.

"Take her away instantly. Do not let her remain a moment longer than is imperatively necessary beneath this roof. Proceed without the least delay to the foreign land you intend to settle in. You will find a handsome sum, more than sufficient for your wants, at my solicitors in London awaiting you. But return to England no more. Marry *her* to some porter, Irish dock-laborer, or low craftsman settled in

the land you are going to, so that her name, her history, her memory, may be stamped out for ever."

Having uttered this utterly brutal, unfeeling and unnatural command, he strode from the room at a more rapid pace than he was accustomed to use, and without designing—perhaps without being able—to cast another glance at his beautiful but unfortunate child.

Poor girl! She had not lost one word that he uttered, and she understood but too well the meaning of each. Neither had she missed or failed to interpret the scornful, angry, loathful glances he bent upon her whenever his eyes wandered to her, as they did frequently, apparently in spite of himself.

But she did not shiver, or tremble, or cower. There uprose a red, hot, angry flush upon her fair cheek and white brow; sharp, bright scintillations of displeasure flashed from her usually soft, tender eyes, and she drew her slight form erect in a haughty, resentful attitude. She stood like a marble statue, with her face turned toward him, and neither moved nor shrunk until his form was hidden from her sight.

Then her sense of the humiliation and indignity this man, whom she knew not to be her father, had thrust upon her, betrayed itself.

Hot, bright tears liberated themselves, and coursed each other down her cheek, and her short upper lip quivered convulsively. Her companion was about to offer some sneering observation, but, to her amazement, the young and hitherto passive child-girl uttered a cry of rage, stamped her foot with an ebullition of indignation, and then, as if it were past all control, gave way to a passionate paroxysm of hysterics.

The woman to whom she had thus been sold, as though she had been a slave-child in the worst days of slavery, seized her roughly by the arm, stifled her cries by throwing a shawl over her head and shoulders, and hurried her away from the precincts of Hastingleigh Court.

The woman born Anne Marchmont found a much larger sum awaiting her at the solicitors of the marquis than even her greed had calculated upon, and in the hope of ridding herself forever from her drunken husband, and rejoining her first love, she did not waste a minute, but, proceeding direct to Liverpool, took passage in one of the ocean racers bound for New York. Within ten days of her interview with the Marquis of St. Leonards, she was midway across the broad Atlantic, with her hapless young charge, with the full intention of never returning to England again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cost of Conquest.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

It was early days indeed for a wife,
In the very spring of her married life,
To be chilled by its wintry weather.—*Hood.*

Life was hardly all sunshine to Gwendoline Reynell after her hasty flight from England in obedience to Philip's wish or whim, for she began to think it had been a whim when they had fairly reached the continent, and she saw no further sign of illness about him.

"He might have given me a little while in London," she said to herself, as she decked herself out in the smart dresses that had been purchased for their sojourn there.

It seemed wasting their freshness to wear them where no one she knew could see them. Their servants, too, seemed to her not so respectful or kindly in their manner as servants ought to be. Harriet treated her with a sort of contemptuous pity, as though she felt how much the older and wiser she was in the world's ways than her mistress. As for the Maltese, she was positively afraid of him. She felt sure that in some way or other her husband was in the power of the wile Guiseppe, and she summoned up her courage one day to say as much.

They had reached Paris by this time, and Philip had taken to going out alone, in a strange moody fashion, and leaving her by herself. He did not seek any amusement or dissipation, but strolled about in a strange, aimless sort of way that puzzled her; he would not go into society—he seemed to shrink from meeting any one—and would start and turn pale at any chance *rencontre* in the street, or any introduction to fresh people. She had marked Gu'seppe on one or two of these occasions, smile with a look of triumph in his dark eyes, and rub his hands softly, as though he gloried in his master's discomfiture.

"What can it mean?" she asked herself.

And the next time Philip seemed in a pliable mood she resolved to speak to him. She was getting to fear her husband, this gentle little wife of a few short weeks. She had seen one or two bursts of temper, which had frightened her, though they were not vented upon her, or intended for her eyes or ears.

"Philip," she said, one morning, after they had finished trifling with the foreign breakfast, which hardly suited Gwendoline's healthy appetite, and made her feel cloyed and sick, "I've something to ask you."

"Ask away, dear."

He was in a good humor this morning. Guiseppe had been polite and attentive, and pleasant letters had come from Boscobel and the rectory.

"You won't be angry with me?"

"Angry! My darling, what should I be angry about? What do you want? Some pretty extravagance you don't like to buy for yourself—eh? Have you seen a turn-out prettier than your own, or does some one wear more *recherché* lace or more splendid dresses? Or are you sighing because there are no more worlds to conquer in the way of dresses, and so forth?"

"It's nothing that money can buy, dear. I only want you to do something to please me."

"What would I not do to please you, my own Gwendoline?" he asked, drawing her on to his knee, and toying with the fair curls he loved to see floating loose over her shoulders. "I do not know anything I would not do to give you pleasure. What is it?"

"I want you to send Guiseppe away."

She felt her husband start violently as she spoke, and the arm that held her trembled down to the very finger tips. She did not look into his face, or she would have seen the look of hate and scorn that went with the words he murmured to himself.

"I wish I could—I wish to Heaven I could—curse him!"

She neither saw the look nor heard the words. His voice was gentle as before when, after a minute's pause, he spoke.

"Why, dear?"

"I don't know. I am afraid of him."

"Afraid of my valet! What has he done? Has he dared to be insolent to you in any way."

"No."

"Then, why want me to send him away? He is very useful to me, Gwendoline. I could not get on without him."

"I know, dear—I know? Don't think me selfish, but I am afraid of him—not so much for myself as for you. Ah, Philip, I see his eyes fixed on you with such a look of hatred sometimes, that I could shriek with fear. Are you in his power in any way?"

"In his power—my servant's? Why, Gwendoline, what nonsense have you got into your romance-ridden little brain?"

He laughed as he spoke, but it was a forced laugh, and sounded very hollow.

"I in Guiseppe's power? Whatever put that notion in your head?"

"What I say! The way he looks at you, the mocking sneer that is always on his face, the cat'like way he goes about. He is plotting mischief, Philip, and some day it will fall upon your head—I am sure it will."

"Nonsense, Gwendoline! You are fanciful about him—you are prejudiced against his dark skin."

"If he were jet black I should not mind, so he were true!"

"He is true for anything I know."

"True? When he reads your letters, listens at doors, discusses your affairs with other people? I know he does these things I caught him at your desk the other day."

"My dear child, he can make nothing of anything he may find there. He may listen as much as he likes to anything I say; and as to my affairs, why, they have been public property ever since I came home."

"But send him away, Philip; I don't like him. It isn't much to do for your wife, surely?"

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,"

sang Philip, with well-assumed gayety; but there was an uncomfortable look in his face as he answered her, "I cannot do it, Gwendoline."

"Cannot?"

"Yes," he repeated, "I mean it—cannot. Drop the subject, my dear, it annoys me, and never speak of it again. I will not part with Guiseppe even to please you."

His tone was severe, and the tears started to her pretty eyes.

"I would do anything for you, Philip," she said.

It is not wise to try a man too far. Philip Reynell's temper broke loose, and he turned upon her with a look that frightened her.

"Look here, Gwendoline," he said. "I love you as I verily believe man never loved woman before. I would lay down my life, if need be, for your sake, but my temper is a wild and undisciplined one, and won't bear the rack. Let Guiseppe alone; I will not part with him—I cannot. Don't let my servant be a bone of contention between us, or—"

"Or what, Philip?"

"Or you may chance to hear what will make you a most unhappy woman. Look here, Gwendoline," he added, changing his tone, and speaking lightly and gayly, "don't be a little fool, and provoke me into talking nonsense. I'll take care the fellow does not come near you, and you must put up with him for my sake. Besides, he is going to marry that precious maid of yours."

"I wish he would, and take her away. I'm almost as much afraid of her as I am of him. She always seems to me as though she had some hold on us that I cannot make out; she's always hinting that she knew you in India, and talking about that servant of yours that died, David—what was his name?"

"Burroughs. She tells you she knew him, does she?"

"I think she was his sweetheart from what she says; but when did she know you, Phil?"

"Oh, I only saw her once or twice, to the best of my recollection. What an inquisitive little puss you are. Because Myers chooses to say impertinent things about me, you begin to fancy that she has the clue to some dreadful mystery. My dear child, our life in India was not particularly straitlaced, and this handmaiden of yours knows of some of my youthful escapades, I daresay. Let her talk as she likes so she serves you well; don't worry yourself by having all the bother of getting a new maid now. I suspect both of them will take themselves off when they are married."

"I am sure I hope they will."

"And now, having unburdened your feelings on the subject, go to your *bete noire* and be dressed, and come out for a drive in the Bois. The fresh air will do you good, and the sight of the ladies' finery there effect a complete cure."

"I wish I could get rid of them!" he said, passionately, as the door closed behind her. "I wish I could stamp the earth down on one common grave for both of them at this moment! I should like to grind the life out of their mocking faces, to twist out their serpent tongues, and I will, too, and they be not more careful."

Guiseppe came to attend his master's toilet, meek and unobtrusive as ever. He went about his ministrations with exceeding gentleness and care, but somehow he failed to please this morning.

"Monsieur is not well," he said, at length, after having endured Philip's ill temper for some time in silence. "Perhaps the change of climate—"

"No. I'm quite well, but I'm annoyed."

Guiseppe was humbly sorry, and "hoped he hadn't offended."

"Not me; no, hang it, you're too diplomatic to do that, but your mistress."

"Indeed, sir; how?"

"I don't know. She says she's afraid of you, swears I'm in your power, and that you read letters, and listen at doors, and all that sort of thing. Of course I know you do; it's the way of your order; but for heaven's sake, take care what you do or say in her hearing. She was crying this morning to me to send you away."

"And you promised to do so, doubtless. So sweet a lady ought to have her own way in everything. Am I to take my month's notice?"

"No! curse your sneering tongue! You know I cannot do without you. Only keep clear of her, and don't drop any of your innuendos in her presence, that's all."

"I thought it would be strange, sir, if you weighed my services so lightly. I thank you for your confidence in me."

"I wonder I haven't murdered you before this," was Philip Reynell's curious reply to his valet's polite speech.

"So do I, and I always go armed against such a contigency. My place is worth a good deal, but my life is worth more. To murder me, Mr. Reynell, however secretly or cleverly, would be to publish to all the world what you most wish to keep secret."

"How?"

"A friend of mine, a man of influence and position, holds a sealed packet, which, in case of any ill befalling me while in your employment, he is to open. He does not know the nature of the contents, and looks upon my placing it in his hands as a piece of superstitous fear of death on my part."

"And this wonderful packet—what does it contain?"

"A full account of everything that Harriet Myers and myself are cognizant of—a history of every event that has taken place since our arrival in England—the story of Miss Branscombe and her wrongs, and a particular account of the advent of your old servant, Edwards, at Boscobel, and how he was welcomed by the master he came so far to see. Don't try murder, Mr. Reynell; I hold the winning cards at present."

"I don't know what hinders me from taking your life at this moment!" said Philip, almost choking with rage, glancing at his valet, who returned the look with a glance of consummate self-possession.

"Fear of the hangman, most probably," was the imperturbable reply. "I see my mistress is waiting, sir. Will you wear the velvet coat or the tweed? I have put out the hat you bought yesterday—you said it fitted you best."

His master could have felled him to the earth as he stood there, so calm and so self-possessed, holding the door open for him to pass through; but he dared not, and, flinging a curse at him from between his set teeth, he pulled his hat down over his eyes and strode out. The Maltese looked after him with a grin.

"Which of us is master?" he said to himself. "That man, who dares not say me nay in anything, or the servant he hates so that if he dared he would kill me? How long shall I be his servant? A little longer yet, till I get all the meshes of this tangled skein well unravelled. Then hey for Malta and a life of ease!"

Whatever might be the moving power by which he held his master in thraldom—however great might be the influence he had over him—he seemed to prefer a life of servitude to the life of freedom he boasted he could secure at any time.

Month after month passed away, and still both he and Gwendoline's maid remained in their places. The only difference made was that they were now man and wife, having elected not to wait the termination of their master's aimless wanderings, but to be married at once. So there had been a quiet wedding at an obscure church at Paris, at which Gwendoline had been present, and Harriet, in a pretty silk dress, the gift of her mistress, had been given away by the *maitre d'hotel* of the house where they were staying. Harriet had asked her master, with almost the air of a demand, if he would be there, and he had refused with something very like an oath, but had slipped a bank-note into her hand as a wedding gift. She had hardly thanked him, or seemed to care for it, though she put it away carefully in a purse where there were many others—enough, indeed, to make her quite an heiress—a well-dowered bride for a valet. But this was her private store. Even Guiseppe knew nothing of its existence, though he had his reasons for thinking her a mine of wealth, which would yield him golden ore if well-managed.

Gwendoline was far from well at the time of her servant's marriage. An heir was beginning to be looked for now to the fine old house and estate of Boscobel, and her health was suffering severely. She was yearning to go home—yearning, in her vague fear for the future, to be with her kind friend, Mrs. Nottley—and she implored Philip to take her there.

"Surely, my darling, we will go home," he said; "but there's no hurry. You have not half seen Paris yet."

"I don't want to see any more of it, Philip. I think if I should die and my baby—and we may, you know—I would rather die at Boscobel than so far away in a strange place. I'm frightened, dear—frightened of Guiseppe and Harriet."

Philip strove to soothe her. He thought he understood the secret of her nervous antipathy to the Maltese now. It was consequent on her condition, and he soothed and quieted her with a promise that he would write to Boscobel that very day, and notify their speedy return.

"Mrs. Nottley must be as busy as a bee getting ready for us," he said.

"She will be half-crazy with joy," Gwendoline replied. "Oh, Philip, how long the time has seemed since I saw her! I do believe she loves me like her own child, if not more."

"Who would not love you, darling?" he replied, warmly, kissing the rosy mouth, with its nervous, tremulous lips, and thinking that he could brave everything for her sweet sake. "I'll go and post the letter myself, and then you may begin your packing as soon as you like."

Turning away from the *post restante*, he encountered a gentleman whose face seemed familiar, though he could not recall for a moment where he had seen it. The stranger seemed impressed in the same way, but after staring a moment, he said, in very intelligible English—

"Heaven bless my soul! Philip Reynell!"

"The same; you have the advantage of me," Philip was beginning; but suddenly a light flashed in upon him, and he recognized in the ungainly, carelessly-dressed personage before him the man who had nursed him back to life in Malta—Dr. Andrea Guicoli.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHO IS THIS WOMAN?

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade.
—*Byron.*

"Doctor Guicoli! How glad I am to see you," Philip said, though his tone was hardly as cordial as his speech.

He would rather not have seen the eccentric Maltese physician, though he could not have told why—somehow he seemed suspicious of every one now. The doctor was a good deal changed; ungainly and awkward he would always be, but he was considerably smartened up in dress and manner, and the hand he held out to Philip was gloved with tolerable neatness.

"You are quite recovered?" he asked. "You look so."

"I am, thank you. What has brought you to Paris, doctor?"

"A curious case—under special invitation from a learned body here to assist in some investigations they are making in the properties of a new anæsthetic. But you—what are you doing here? Are you still travelling about for your health?"

"Partly—partly on my wedding tour."

"Married?"

"Even so."

"Ah, you must show me your wife. I heard so much about her in that sad time at Malta."

Philip winced. It was not of Gwendoline the doctor had heard so much—it was of Katherine Branscombe, whose pale, sad face, as she looked down upon him from the deck of the Penelope, haunted him night and day. He made no answer to the remark, and the doctor put the question direct where he lived, and intimated his intention of calling to see him.

"We shall be most happy," Philip replied, wishing the worthy doctor back in Malta with all his heart. "We are in the Rue Malakoff—No. 47."

Gwendoline was up-stairs when he did come, and Philip heartily wished she would stay there.

"I saw a friend of yours not long since," he said. "The same young man who came to see you when you were so very ill—the very day after your servant died."

"Ah, Bruce Chartham! Is he home again?"

"No—in Malta. Some change in his affairs has brought him there. A nervous young man—not like a soldier."

"What, Chartham? He must be greatly altered. He was never nervous."

"I judged from his manner that day, he seemed to shrink so from seeing the corpse of your servant. I pressed him too very much."

"Why, may I ask?"

"I wanted a point on which I was doubtful confirmed by a person who understood the matter—that was all. Any soldier could have set me right; but I did not choose to call one in. This young officer would not have mistaken my object in inquiring."

"Then he did not see poor Burroughs?"

"No one saw him—more than his face, that is—except my assistant, and the man you took for your servant—Santi, the courier."

"Guiseppe? Yes, he is with me now—has been ever since."

"He suits you?"

"Perfectly! You are sure, doctor, that no one saw that poor fellow's body but those two?"

"Quite sure."

"And your assistant—what has become of him?"

"He is dead."

"You are certain of that?"

"Quite! I attended him through his illness—saw him die—was present at his funeral. Why do you ask?"

"Because I expect a little difficulty about his identification, that is all. You remember the appearance of the corpse, I suppose?"

"Surely. We doctors have keen eyes for everything. I never held a *post-mortem* examination; but I could accurately remember any marks or the nonexistence of any which had been described to me, and which I could not find."

"Poor Burroughs had one which would be known anywhere," Philip said, almost carelessly.

There was a curious look in his eyes as he spoke, a defiant expression, as if he had uttered the words as a test.

"Indeed!"

The doctor looked at him, his big gray eyes opening wide as innocently as a baby's, and waited for his assurance.

"Yes; the brand our most religious, gracious Queen bestows upon those of 'her own loved troops' who don't behave themselves. Poor Burroughs was a black sheep, you know."

"So you told me! But this mark—what was it?"

"'B. C.' branded on the left ribs. No doctor could examine a man and not see it. It burns in like a scorpion's sting—here, here! And the pointed pain stabs there forever. No prosperity can efface it, nor the richest, softest clothing man ever wore hide the stain that those cursed points stab into the flesh!"

He struck his breast savagely as he spoke, and the doctor looked at him from under his shaggy eyebrows with a keen, scrutinizing glance.

"There are sharper pangs than physical pain," he said. "Burroughs' pains and sorrows rest with him in the grave now. You speak quite feelingly on the subject, Mr. Reynell."

"I do! I have seen men who might have been reclaimed, as I think, branded to lasting disgrace with that cursed iron. I beg your pardon, but I feel deeply on the subject. I never was an advocate for marking a man like a stray sheep."

Some strange excitement seemed to possess him, for he walked up and down as he spoke with the eagerness of a caged lion, the doctor regarding him curiously the while.

"May I not see Mrs. Reynell?" he asked, at length. "Your friend out yonder used to talk of her with ecstacy. He told me that her father was dead, and that she was on her way home to marry you."

"Chartham knows nothing of my affairs—nothing at all, doctor," Philip replied, angrily. "My wife is—"

Gwendoline spared him the trouble of proceeding by opening the door and coming forward, with a pretty, graceful greeting to her husband's old acquaintance.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, warmly. "Philip has told me so often how you saved his life in Malta."

"Not I, my dear," he said, taking her hand. "If it had been heaven's will that he should die, not all the skill of all the doctors on earth could have saved him for one hour. I could only do my best, and Providence was pleased to second me."

"We thank you none the less."

"I am glad to have helped to save him for such a fair, loving wife," the doctor said, quaintly. "Your Indian life has left you as fair as a lily, madam."

Gwendoline opened her round eyes, and stared at him, and then laughed merrily.

"India!" she exclaimed. "I never was in India, Doctor Guicoli. It was Philip who was there so long, not me."

"You are mistaken somewhere, doctor," Philip said, rather nervously. "My wife never was abroad in her life till now."

"Yes, I suppose I am. I beg your pardon, madam," he said, stiffly. "I was thinking of another person."

His cordial tone had vanished, nor did it return again throughout the interview. Philip did not ask him to repeat his visit, and he did not volunteer it, and Gwendoline voted him a by no means pleasant person when he took his leave.

As for the doctor, he took snuff till it flew about in all directions when he had left the house, and held audible converse with himself.

"I see it all—I see it all!" he said to himself. "Poor young thing, what a fate! But what has become of the other one?"

He had come to the elucidation of a mystery which had puzzled him for a long time His journey to Paris would help to bring about the *denouement* of a curious story, if he chose.

"But it is not for me," he murmured; "not for me. Why should I disturb her happiness, poor thing—why stir up the memory of the poor, disgraced man who lies under the sod at Valetta? Let him and his brand rest together till the Judgment shall summon us all, sinless and guilty alike, to hear our doom."

There was a half-sneering, scornful look upon his face as he muttered the words, and a sinister smile upon his lips.

"To think what I could do if I would!" he said. "Philip Reynell little thinks—"

"I beg your pardon, sir—can I speak to you a moment?"

The words, uttered in the Italian *patois* spoken in Malta by the common people, made him turn round, and he hardly recognized, in the trim gentleman's gentleman who greeted him so respectfully, the rollicking, free-and-easy Maltese courier, Santi.

They walked together a few paces, the doctor questioning Guiseppe about his situation.

"You are well placed?" he asked.

"Quite, sir."

"Your master is kind?"

"He dare not be otherwise."

And then the two fell into conversation, and entered a cabaret to have their talk in private, and when they came out Dr. Guicoli's face was very pale, and his large gray eyes had a look of sorrow and anger in them.

"You will wait," he said, "wait until I come to England?"

"I will, sir. I want some one more influential than myself to move in the matter."

"It will not be long—a few weeks or months—I cannot say; but there is no hurry. Do not fear but I will aid you. You say only one person besides yourself is in the secret?"

"Only one, sir."

"And that is—"

"My wife."

"Then you can depend upon her secrecy?"

"I can enforce it."

"Then when we meet in England, and we will, we will see justice done. You have my address, and Boscobel will be yours."

"If it is changed I will let you know."

They parted at a street corner just as Philip Reynell turned in and met them face to face. He started, and turned pale at seeing them together, and made as though he would have spoken to Dr. Guicoli; but the doctor raised his hat with a ceremonious bow and walked on, while Guiseppe, with a respectful obeisance to his master, crossed over to the other side of the street. Evidently the remembrance of the time at Malta was very hateful to Philip, and the doctor's reminiscences thereof anything but agreeable.

"We will go home next week, my dear," Philip said to Gwendoline. "I don't care to meet that old man again; he hasn't improved since I knew him."

"Whatever made him fancy I had been in India?" she said. "What an odd idea!"

"Knowing that I had been there, my darling, I expect. Look here, Gwendoline, here's a photograph of the new nursery at Boscobel."

Gwendoline laughed and blushed, and looked at the pretty picture that Mrs. Nottley had been so proud to have taken and sent to her foster child, and forgot all about Dr. Guicoli's disagreeable manner and the unpleasant thoughts it had given rise to.

She bade adieu to Paris without a regret, and regained her lost brightness as they journeyed homeward. Christmas would soon come, and with the festive season her baby would lie upon her breast, and coo a loving welcome to its strange new life. "Baby fingers, waxen touches," would entwine tighter still the cords of love which bound her and Philip together, and by-and-bye, perhaps, a fair boy would run by her side through the glorious old gardens of Boscobel, the heir to all that lordly inheritance.

Very bright pictures her fancy drew of the days that were to come, and the quiet happiness of her return home went far to realize them. It was such a pleasure to see color come back to Philip's cheek, and the light to his eye, as they heard the shouts that welcomed him home; to see delight in every eye, hear it on every tongue, and to mark how every one pressed forward to get a look or a smile from the master they had already learned to love.

Life passed very quietly at Boscobel. Philip did not seem to care for visiting, and Gwendoline's health was her excuse for shutting herself up. What stores of lace and muslin and flannel, what dainty robes and caps, what beds of down and quilts of satin, she prepared for her coming baby, only mothers expectant can tell. Only one circumstance marred the happiness of those few bright weeks. Philip seemed to have no care, she had lost her dread of Guiseppe, and all the world seemed as brilliant as her own radiant hopes.

She was free of her husband's room—free to stand at the window overlooking the ruins, and to gaze at the mysterious Ladye Passage as long at she would. It was securely bricked over now, and the story of the alarm about it forgotten. Gwendoline liked the room, and the view of the grand old ruins and their shadowing trees; even now, in their mantle of pure white snow, they looked lovely to her, and she loved to watch the birds hopping about and leaving tiny claw tracks as they sought the food hidden under the soft winter carpet.

Idly sitting there one day, she drew Philip's desk toward her, and began to look for some notes of his Indian life it had once amused her to read. It was written when he was quite a lad, before he imagined that his all of earth and Heaven lay in Katherine Branscombe's bright eyes, and was full of lively descriptions of hunts and excursions, with telling hits at men and things that would have been very acceptable to many a flat, melancholy English periodical.

"How clever he is," she murmured; "how well he does everything. I wonder he never writes now."

She had often rummaged the desk before. It was a light, handsome piece of furniture, moving easily on castors, and was a fancy of Philip's, who had seen one like it in India. Every part of it was open to her, and she was wont to amuse herself by looking at the curious Eastern trinkets and sandal-wood boxes and caskets which Philip had collected, and she emptied it now, looking at each article with a fresh interest.

Memorials of his father, letters from old friends, mementos of his life in the East, were all there, but not a word telling of his intercourse with Katherine Branscombe. Suddenly her hand touched an unseen spring, and a partition she had not seen suddenly sprang up, revealing a small recess. A packet of letters lay there, and on the top a miniature case.

With no thought of wrong-doing in her heart, she took up the latter and touched a spring. It flew open, and disclosed the face of a woman, young, beautiful, and radiant with hope and love. Gwendoline gazed at it with a sick horror rising in her heart, for in the rosy lips and speaking eyes of the dark, lovely girl pictured there she recognized the despairing face that had looked so wearily down upon their little vessel from the deck of the Penelope. A hand laid upon her shoulder startled her.

"My darling, what have you got there?"

She looked up at him without moving.

"This woman, Philip—who is she?"

"What woman, dear?"

His voice never faltered, though a cold perspiration stood upon his forehead. He took the miniature from her hand and laughed. He saw the packet of letters was untouched.

"This belongs to Guiseppe, Gwendoline."

"To *him*, and I found it *there*?"

She pointed to the open desk with a scornful gesture, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Even so; I have been guilty of keeping it there a long time. I was struck with its beauty, and borrowed it to show Captain Rivers when he was here. I had forgotten it."

He struck the bell twice, the signal for Guiseppe, and the Maltese appeared as instantly as though his ear had been at the keyhole.

"Mrs. Reynell has come accidentally upon this," Philip said, coolly. "I must have put it away without thinking. I am sorry I have kept it so long."

"I fancied you had sent it to the artist you spoke of," the valet said, quietly, as a quick look of intelligence flashed from his master's eyes to his. He understood the position, and was equal to it.

"Then it is yours?" Gwendoline asked.

"Certainly, madam," was the quiet answer.

And Guiseppe closed the miniature, and put it in his pocket.

"Who is she?"

"This lady, madam? A young lady with whose party I travelled a few years ago. I was fortunate enough to save her life in a mountain storm, or she was good enough to say so, and this was one of the souvenirs they gave me, in gratitude, as they said."

He told the lie glibly. He was a very useful servant, at a pinch, was M. Santi; but Gwendoline was hardly satisfied yet.

"Where is she now?" she asked.

"If she is living, madam, she is most likely in Italy. Indeed, I am sure she is; I saw the name of the family in the paper lately as residing at Naples."

"You are not well up in your story," Gwendoline said, scornfully. "I saw this—this lady myself on board that great ship coming from India, the Penelope, that your master and you seemed so anxious to avoid. She is in England, and you know it."

"She may be," the Maltese said, quietly. "I am sorry you should doubt me. If my master chooses, I can give him the address of the lady and her mother, and he can verify what I say without any trouble."

But Philip only said "Nonsense," and bade Gwendoline not be a goose. He had locked up the letters, and Guiseppe had the miniature in safe keeping—it would never meet her eyes again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CLOSING IN.

Oh, you are well tuned now,
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music.
—*Shakespeare.*

"My dear Katherine, do you know what you are asking me to do?" asked Mr. Hastings of his wife, about a week after their visit to the lunatic asylum. "You are trying to make me aid and abet an insane person to escape."

"No insane, Harry—as sane as you or I. There is some dreadful secret connected with his imprisonment there, which must be brought to light."

"My dear, you are excited about this affair. The doctor's statement is clear enough. He says the man was placed there by his sister, and that his malady is distressing, but not dangerous—the effect of the Indian climate."

"But he has no malady—he went to Boscobel and saw Philip—Mr. Reynell, I mean. Why should he want to shut him up?"

"Why are you a goose? Let the man be, Kate—no good will come of meddling; you cannot alter anything by worrying yourself."

"I think I can, Harry—not by worrying, but by working. Help me to free poor Edwards and you will see."

Katherine had watched her opportunity to say a word or two to Edwards in the five moments they had spoken together. He had begged her to see his master and compass his release.

"He'll do anything for you, Miss Kate," he said, imploringly. "Tell him it's all wrong. I am not mad any more than you are."

The attendants came up and hurried him away.

"Don't hurt him," she said. "I want to speak to him, if possible. I know him very well."

"I couldn't, madam, without the doctor's permission, and he's a very special patient is Mr. Jones."

"Jones! That is not his name."

"It was the name we had with him when he came, ma'am—John Jones. I beg pardon, but I must take him away now, my orders are very strict not to let him talk to any one; he has a mischievous tongue, he has."

Poor Edwards looked very unhappy during this tirade, but he dared not speak even when the man took him by the shoulder and hurried him away. As they disappeared through the nearest door, he turned round, and said, imploringly—

"Get justice done me, Miss Kate, for the sake of the old times out yonder," and Katherine vowed in her inmost heart that she would.

But it was not so easy, as she found. Making a visit to the asylum for the purpose, she and her husband were received by the doctor, who politely laughed at their mission, showed them the certificates by which he held possession of his patient, and the page in the asylum record where he was entered as John Jones, and the supposed cause of his malady set forth.

"But his name is not Jones—it is Edwards—and I believe he has no relations in England at all."

"That he certainly has, madam. He was placed here by an elder sister, and a brother, acting as her representative, brought him. Country people from Wales they seemed to be."

"And he is really insane?"

"We do not receive sane people here, madam. This is more a case of delusion than actual mania. He fancies he has recently come from India, and is a gentleman's servant."

"So he is. I can vouch for the truth of both statements. I know him, and the gentleman too, very well."

"We had a very different story with him, madam, and I am sorry I cannot do anything to forward his liberation. My orders from his friends are very strict. I will write to them and see what can be done. You shall know within a week."

Neither Katherine or her husband entertained any hope that Edwards would be liberated; Mr. Hastings was too *au fait* in the world's ways to be deceived for one moment by the doctor's kind manner, and when three days had passed and they heard nothing, Katherine begged her husband to help him to escape.

"I don't see how," he said; "let alone the risk. I don't quite understand how we could set about it, the place is so well guarded, and the plans (if you are right, my dear) have been so well laid."

"I am right—I know I am! There has been some dreadful conspiracy at work, I am sure—what, I cannot imagine—yet the notion has haunted me ever since I heard of the death of Philip Reynell's servant at Malta. Harry, do you know what I fear—what horrible dread comes over me when I think of that wretched time?"

"No, dear! What?"

"That the death was no natural one—that for some reason or other which we cannot fathom, Philip Reynell—— Ah, Harry, I cannot speak my thought!"

"You do not mean that you fancy he murdered his servant?"

"Heaven forgive me if I wrong him, but I do!"

"But why? What motive could he have?"

"Ah, that is what I cannot imagine—what seems the mystery. If there were not something very dreadful in that mysterious death, why should he avoid every one? I do not say me, for doubtless his love died out with his last look at the Indian shore; but his conduct is so strange. Captain Haughton says he seems to shrink from seeing any one, even from receiving letters."

"I can vouch for the latter fact. I have seen him shrink and shiver at the sound of the postman's knock. He always seemed to me to have something on his mind."

"How he must be altered! There was nothing of the sort about him once."

She could speak freely of Philip Reynell now. Many a time, as they sat as now over their walnuts and wine, they had talked of Boscobel, till Katherine seemed to know the place by heart. She made her husband describe Philip as he looked, what he did, how he spoke, trying in vain to account for anything that could explain the mystery which enveloped him.

Holmdale was a pretty place, not so beautifully situated as Boscobel, but with enough of romance in the hills and dales around it to make it a residence to be courted. The room they sat in looked out upon a pretty lawn, gay with flower-beds, and merging at the bottom into a rose-garden—a very wilderness of blossoms in the season of bloom, and often carrying Katherine back by its scent, with a sudden rush of sad memory, to the old times at Allahabad, when roses figuratively and literally strewed her path through life. It was shut out now, for the evening was cold and gusty, and the crimson curtains fell in heavy folds over the windows.

The soft lamplight cast a brilliant radiance over the paneled walls, painted by an artist of many a generation back, with

quaint pictures, telling each its story of some episode in the lives of former generations of the Hastings family. The old oak furniture, carved and polished, not with varnish, or any modern aids to brightness, but with what the old housekeeper was wont to designate as elbow-grease, looked thoroughly in keeping with the rich red of the carpet and the piece of bright tapestry which covered the small table at which the husband and wife sat.

A queenly woman was Katherine Hastings—one whom any emperor might be proud to place beside him on his throne—a happy wife, a loved and honored mistress of a well-ordered household, successful as an authoress, *feted* and flattered by the world—the lines had indeed fallen unto her in pleasant places.

She had never dropped the *nomme de plume* under which her first modest efforts had gone forth to the world, and her incognito had been well preserved. Mr. Compton had yielded to her earnest request not to publish her name, and save by a very few it was not known. "Simla's" stories went straight home to many a heart; chance lines in little poems with the familiar name attached, found their way into callous hearts and careless natures, and worked their meed of good; but no one guessed that "Simla" was a woman, moving unobtrusively through life in their very midst—a lady who attended to her domestic duties as carefully as the most notable housewife in the land. Thoroughly domestic she looked as she faced her husband at their solitary dessert; they were alone this evening—a rare occurrence, for Holmdale was the most hospitable house in all the country side, and Katherine was rather enjoying having her husband all to herself for one whole evening.

"Couldn't you demand his release, Harry?" she asked, reverting to the subject of Edwards; "I mean as a magistrate, on the ground of unlawful detention?"

He shook his head.

"They have him in possession," he replied; "'nine points of the law,' you know. They won't give him up if all the forms of his entrance there are correct, and you may be sure they have looked after that. If I had him out, and was sure there was no mistake about the truth of what he says—"

"There is not."

"Well, sure of that, I would set them at defiance, and keep him till the whole affair was sifted to the bottom."

"And see justice done?"

"Of course! That is a magistrate's province, my dear."

"Miss Kate!"

The words sounded through the room in broken and faltering tones, startling both husband and wife with a chill sense of horror by their suddenness. Where the voice came from they could not tell for a moment.

"What is it? Where is it?" gasped Katherine, in terror.

"I don't know, dear—outside, I think. Sit still, and don't be frightened."

"Miss Kate, are you there? Let me in for the love of heaven!"

There was no mistake whence the sounds proceeded now.

The window was slightly shaken, as if to give emphasis, and Mr. Hastings drew aside the heavy curtains. The windows opened like doors, and leaning rather heavily on the frame was a man, staring with wild-looking, haggard eyes into the room.

"Let him in—let him in, Harry," said Katherine, excitedly. "It is Edwards!"

And Mr. Hastings opening the window, the man they had seen at the asylum stumbled wearily forward into the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Murmurs from the Menagerie.

THE GORILLA SUES FOR HIS SALARY.

The Chicago Tribune says:—"One of the most remarkable-looking human beings that ever had existence, complained to the Mayor yesterday that he had been swindled by the proprietors of Jones's Museum, a travelling show of the horrible order, now located at No. 45 West Randolph street. It appears that while the 'museum' was being urged through the neighboring State of Indiana, the managers discovered the complainant, Frederick Hettisch, at Tolleston. He resembled a gorilla so much that they conceived the idea of engaging him to personate a wild man in their entertainment. The seductive offer of $25 a month and board was thrown out as a bait for Fred to nibble at, and he gulped it down without wasting time in consideration, and became a member of the company, consisting of an obese woman, a man so thin as to be almost invisible at a side view, a sword swallower, a learned pig with a propensity for short-cards, a monkey, a fangless snake, and a hand-organ. Arrayed in tights, Fred., with his repulsive features and misshapen body, struck terror to the hearts of the simple rustics who patronized the show on its tour through the Hoosier State. He was a great card for the management. Every person who saw him firmly believed that his grandfather, at least, was a fine old African gorilla, who might have met Mungo Park in his solitary wanderings. After Indiana had been thoroughly canvassed, the museum proprietor decided to visit Chicago, and take Fred with them. They arrived here a few days ago, and ever since the 'wild man' has been a source of wonder to those who have seen him. Wild men resemble tame men in two respects at least: they will eat and sleep. The museum people, however, appear to have overlooked these minor matters in their dealings with Hettisch. They have given him no money, and have never even asked him if a crust of bread would do him good. Naturally enough, he complains to the Mayor that he cannot live long under such unfavorable circumstances. He cannot be a decent wild man on an empty stomach. Every time he comes on the stage he feels more like going to sleep than bellowing around and making a fool of himself for nothing a week. All he wants the Mayor to do is to get some money for him from the museum men. His Honor told him he would see what could be done. Seriously speaking, Hettisch is a horrible-looking person. He has a small, round head, glittering black eyes, no perceptible chin, protruding lips, turned-up nose, and a forehead that recedes at a most acute angle. In addition to these peculiarities, he is slightly humpbacked.

☞ An Auburn, Me., fisherman, a few days since, while fishing through a hole in the ice, caught a trout so large he could not be brought through the orifice. The fisherman, however, gently played his fish with one hand while he chopped the ice with the other, until the opening had been enlarged sufficiently, then with a skillful jerk he brought out a dead cat with a brick on its neck, the entire prize weighing over nine pounds. The profanity which ensued caused a heavy thaw for sixty rods in all directions.

☞ In Sardou's new play, "Uncle Sam," which satirizes American customs, one of the characters makes a fair hit at the administration of justice in New York, when she says, "There is no murder here. There are only wounds inflicted in a moment of insanity, resulting by injudicious medical treatment in death."

☞ The sorrows of Mr. Clayton, of Salt Lake, have been quadrupled by the elopement of four of his wives.

LILIA'S TO-MORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Mrs. Rubens sat by the open window of her little sitting-room, with an unfinished piece of work in her hands; but her hands had dropped idly in her lap, the white, weary fingers refused to take up the shining little needle. Tell-tale tears stood in her soft blue eyes, but she wiped them quickly away, as she heard Lilia open the door and come up the stairs with light, quick steps.

Lilia—with the summer sunshine in her hair like waves of gold—with her soft eyes shining like the tender blossoms half hidden under the green leaves of the violets—with the pink blushes kissing her cheeks into loveliness, and laughter waiting on her red lips.

What wonder that the mother's tired eyes grew bright again as she watched her darlings bright young face!

"What has happened to you, darling! Your face is as glad as a rose!"

"It *ought* to be glad, since such good fortune has come!" she said, smiling. "Poor mother, *you've* grown tired waiting for it, I know."

"Tell me all about it, or I shall fear you have dreamed it," Mrs. Rubens replied softly.

Lilia quickly divested herself of bonnet and shawl, and drawing a low stool to her mother's side, sat down and leaned her head against her knee.

"I shouldn't wonder if *you* had forgotten that it is the first day of May to-day," she began, looking up in her mother's face; "but I never forget it when it comes, for I think it is the sweetest day in the year! So, when lessons were over, I took my box of colors and those bits of pine board that I painted white last week, and went up the hill to Fairy's Hollow."

And Lilia stopped to take one long breath of delight, while her mother stooped to kiss her glowing cheek.

"Everything was beginning to brighten, mother. The softest of south winds crept through the grass with murmuring caresses; the flowers were coming up in beautiful clusters all over the hollow, and overhead—in the elm-tree—I do believe a hundred happy robins were singing. I shall paint it some day, mother!"

"And I shall look at it and enjoy it," said Mrs. Rubens, "only you must put yourself into the picture, Lilia."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Lilia, doubtfully; "but I think it would be nicer without me. But I am coming to the best part of all now—so listen, mother. I had finished a hazy, blue sky, had sketched a distant hill lying softly against it, and a little lake in the foreground, half bordered with willows, when a shadow fell upon my picture, and looking up, I saw a funny little old man leaning on a stick and looking at my work.

He laughed, and then sighed, and said, just as if he had been talking to himself:

"I used to do it, too, when I was young and foolish like you."

"Now you know, mother dear, nobody likes to be called foolish, and I suppose I *did* look a little cross, for he sighed again, and said so mournfully:

"I wouldn't hurt your tender heart for the world, child! But don't you see you have left out the shadows?"

"I don't see any shadows to put in," I said. "It's May-day, and shadows don't fall in *my* world on May-day."

"That's just it," he said, sighing again, as if he saw nothing *but* shadows. "That's just it, my child. You are young and gay-hearted, and all the world looks bright to you; but the brightness faded for me before you were born."

When I came to look at him he didn't look so very old either, not more than forty years old; but he did look as if he had had some great sorrow to bear.

"But who *is* he, Lilia? I hope you don't often have such adventures, or I shall be afraid to let you ramble off alone. He may have been crazy."

Lilia laughed joyously.

"No, no, mother! He is as sane as I am. He is the gentleman who has bought the beautiful house on the hill, and he is an artist; and when I am not giving lessons to these tiresome little Dollys, and Miriams, and Christabels, he is to give *me* lessons; and he says he can *sell* my pictures for me—all that I will paint."

"But, Lilia, lessons from a great artist will cost something, and how can you pay him?"

"Oh, that is the best of it. He don't want any pay until he has sold my pictures, and he says I shall soon be rich."

Mrs. Rubens hesitated a little while, but could not long resist the pretty, pleading face lifted to her own; and so the next week found Lilia taking lessons of the stranger-artist, and making rapid progress. Even her mother, who best knew her enthusiastic temperament, was surprised to see what she accomplished.

The weeks went by more rapidly than weeks had ever gone by before, and Lilia had finished four pictures—charming little landscapes in summer and autumn colors. She had been at home a week helping her mother who had not been as well as usual, and had not touched her pencils, though she did look longingly up the bright hill-path almost every day—when one day a servant, from the house on the hill, came to the cottage with a letter for Miss Lilia Rubens.

Letters were not with Lilia every day occurrences, and she pulled open the envelope with sparkling eye and glowing cheek.

The color did not fade in her beautiful cheeks, when four rustling ten-dollar bills dropped out from the folds of thick, satiny paper.

Her mother picked them up in silent astonishment, while Lilia read the letter.

When she had finished the last line, she tossed it into her mother's lap with a little cry of delight.

Forty dollars, mother, for one little picture! What happy to-morrows we will have some day! We will have a home of our own, where you shall preside in all your own sweet dignity, and never be tired or careworn any more. And we will make little summer excursions out into the world and see the beautiful places that I have dreamed of. *To-morrow* won't be a dream then, mother, but a happy reality!"

She did not tire of talking of *her to-morrow*, which already glimmered in the horizon with a rosy light, until her mother kissed her and told her she must not sit up to see it.

"It will come all the same, darling, whether you wake or sleep; and you must be up early so as to go up and thank your artist friend. See, he does not sign his name," she continued, smoothing out the cream-hued paper; "and it is strange that no one seems to know it."

"I'll ask him to-morrow," said Lilia, laughing, and your curiosity shall be satisfied."

But when Lilia, after thanking him, in her own sweet, impulsive fashion, for taking so much trouble to find a purchaser for her picture, did ask him, he was mute, and a vexed frown crossed his face.

Her own face was covered with crimson blushes in a moment, and at that sight he smiled again.

"I have been your friend, more for your mother's sake than for your own, child; and you may tell her that I will call to-morrow and see if she remembers Hugh Murray."

Lilia could scarcely wait until she reached home to find out the mystery, but she did not discover it then.

Perhaps Mrs. Ruben's dreams had been haunted by a pair of brown eyes that used to look lovingly into her own; perhaps she remembered a musical voice that used to ring in her ears in the careless days of her own girlhood. Be that as it may, when his name dropped from Lilia's lips, she turned away without a word, and shut herself into her own room, where Lilia dared not follow.

She was away, giving a lesson in drawing to Christabel Goldwin, when Hugh Murray called at their little cottage, and so did not see the pink blush on her mother's face as the old lover took her hand; she missed seeing the tear that stole down the pink cheek as he told over again the story he *thought* he had told so many years ago.

"And you really wrote me *that*, Hugh? And you thought me heartless—when I never got your letter?"

Lilia heard that much as she passed under the sitting-room window, and she rushed in just in time to see Hugh Murray stoop to kiss her mother's cheek.

And the mystery was explained! It seemed queer at first, of course; but Lilia was a sensible girl and made the best of it, and to-day she is a queen at Murray Hill, spoiled, as her mother constantly asserts, by her artist-friend.

Lilia laughs and tosses her head, and then runs out in the garden to wander up and down the rose-borders, and wonder when *her* romance will begin!

But her to-morrow will surely come.

Career of a Norwegian Bandit.

There are few lovelier cities in the world than Christiania, the capital of the Norwegian Kingdom. The population, although large, is exceedingly moral and orderly, and, in consequence, crimes are of very rare occurrence. So much the more profound was the sensation which was produced by the perpetration of numerous murders, committed under peculiarly atrocious circumstances, during the past four years. Within that space of time twenty-one persons lost their lives, either in Christiania or its environs, by being knocked down in the streets with a club or some other blunt instrument, or by being burned in houses, to which the unknown assassins set fire in the dead of night. Vainly did the police of Christiania endeavor to ferret out the assassins. Their efforts remained fruitless, and would, perhaps, not have led yet to the discovery of the guilty party (for it turned out eventually that all the murders had been committed by one man,) but for a curious and fortunate accident.

On the 17th of November, 1872, the Female Seminary, situated in a suburb of Christiania, burned, and a lady teacher and three of the pupils perished. It was the work of an incendiary. In the afternoon of November 18, a man was found hidden in the forest of Pregest, six miles from Christiania. He gave his name as Albreg Gersen, and stated that he had been attacked, robbed and brutally beaten by highwaymen, who had left him insensible. A gendarme who heard of the discovery of the man in the woods, hastened to the place where he was lying, and found that his clothes were half burnt, that his hands and face were blistered as if by fire, and that one of his legs was broken. The officer asked the man to repeat his story to him, and then, although not suspecting yet that he had before him the wretch who had caused the burning of the Seminary, remarked carelessly: "My friend, you look as if you had been at the fire yesterday." Gersen, upon hearing these words, gave a violent start, and this of course aroused the suspicions of the gendarme. Without waiting for any explanation from the man he said to him, "Oh, come, come; don't deny it; we know you set fire to the Seminary yesterday!" Gersen turned very pale, but did not utter a word.

A wagon was sent for, and the gendarme took him to the jail at Christiania, where Gersen was recognized by some persons who had seen him during the preceding day in the neighborhood of the seminary. He was very weak, and, after some prevarication, broke completely down, and confessed that he did set fire to the seminary building. He made in regard to it the following statement:—

"My name is Albrog Gersen. My father was the late Swedish General Biddersäg. I was educated for the army; but was expelled from the military academy for committing arson. I escaped punishment, however, and obtained, under an assumed name, employment as engineer in the Dannemora mines. During that time I repeatedly felt an uncontrollable disposition to commit arson, but always overcame it. An old classmate of mine recognized me one day, and I was at once discharged from my position. I resolved to take a terrible revenge on him. Hearing that he lived at Christiania, I followed him to this city, but never yet had an opportunity to meet him so as to be able to kill him. Four years long I dreamed of my revenge night and day. I set fire to buildings where I believed that he or any of his relations were. I have killed several people on the streets and on the neighboring highways, believing that they were Justus Drigos, my enemy. Finally, on the day before yesterday, I found that Drigos's daughter was a pupil at the seminary. I resolved to burn it to the ground. I concealed myself in the building, and heaped up a pile of rubbish which I saturated with coal oil, and then set it on fire. I was, however, not quick enough in trying to make my escape, and my clothes got ignited. I had the utmost difficulty in extinguishing the flames, and then jumped from a second story window, breaking my leg. I dragged myself toward the forest, where I was found to-day. I am guilty, but could not help it."

Gersen was tried for his crime in the Assize Court, and sentenced to be beheaded on the 3d of February. When he was led out to the place of execution the culprit presented a most repulsive appearance, his face being still covered with large scars. He "died game," however, and he did not flinch even when the headsman, trying to fasten his neck to the fatal block, found it too short. The wretched culprit had to rise to his feet again, and then knelt down on the left side of the block. One of the executioner's assistants pressed his neck sideways upon the block, and thus he was decapitated with the axe."

☞ Thirty years ago a young man entered the city of New York in an almost penniless condition, and without a single acquaintance in the great wilderness of houses. To-day his name is known wherever humanity breathes. It is spoken in every city, and is as familiar to the worker in the mines as to his brother in the mills, and wherever language is known and ideas expressed the name of this penniless, unknown and uncouth lad of thirty years ago, is uttered. It was John Smith.

☞ Bendet, the aeronaut, narrowly escaped instant death during the vice-regal marriage feasts at Cairo, Egypt, recently. His balloon became torn when about four hundred yards from the earth, and the wind entering the rent, turned the vessel inside out. Bendet held on to the trapeze bar until within twenty yards of the earth, and then falling upon soft ground was only stunned and bruised slightly.

Loveism.

"Every one must have noticed the great difference, as a general thing, between the conduct of the betrothed man and the young betrothed woman," says an acute observer of engagements among young people. "He, the braver and stronger of the two, is utterly confused and bashful, and seeks to make a secret of the fact. She, on the contrary, tries to parade it, is proud of it, assumes a certain air of proprietorship over him, and offers to her friends little delicate confidences as to how nice it is to be engaged; and how dreadfully jealous he is if she looks at any one else. The cause of this is just one thing—the man is in love, the girl is not. I have studied human nature, have looked into the depths of hearts; I have made man and woman the study of my life, and I aver that the girl in love is rarer than a black rose. She simply has for her lover the same feeling that the young mother has for her baby. She has an anxious desire to see to him for life, to make sure that he is comfortable, that his buttons are all right, and that his food is what it ought to be. She understands that he is in love with her, and rejoices in the knowledge. The idea of losing his love is madness to her, but of herself she does not understand it. A woman who is not selfish and greedy and mean, who dare not smile on any one who cannot give her fine clothes and a grand establishment, overflows with the mother feeling all her life. She expends it on her dolls in childhood, on her poodle or her kitten, or her canary afterward, and, when the time comes, on her lover. Many a man would lose a great deal of his conceit and vanity if he knew just how the girl whom he supposed to be in love with him really felt. She, also, would be surprised to hear that she was not in love at all, but only delighted to have some one in love with her."

Pure Spitefulness.

A spiteful maid-of-all-work, employed by a Canadian family, recently took a very effective way of revenging an insult which she fancied she had received at the hands of her mistress. She deliberately accused the latter before a magistrate of having destroyed her Bible. A considerable number of those persons who are always anxious to investigate the lives of their neighbors, immediately started a subscription, and purchased a magnificently bound Bible, which they presented to the maid, in addition to a few other tokens of their admiration for her heroism in making the matter public. The magistrate, notwithstanding the fact that the lady declared the testimony to be utterly untrue, sentenced her to pay the value of the Bible, the costs of court, and $1 extra, by way of punishment for the "crime." Subsequently the girl herself, in a fit of remorse, made an affi lavit in which she confessed that she never had a Bible. Both magistrate and sympathizers, we should think, have good reason to be ashamed of themselves.

☞ A Minnesota paper vaunts the rapid increase of its circulation, having "taken in 75 cents cash, and a bushel of potatoes on subscription this week."

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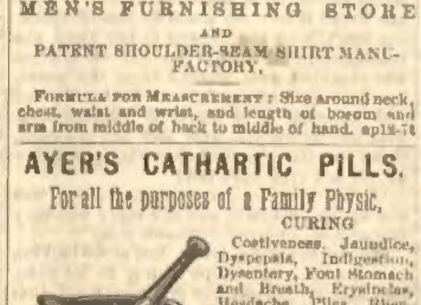

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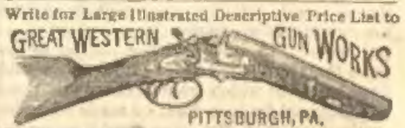

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WIT AND HUMOR.

CALLING UP THE BOY.

The Danbury News says: Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is to get him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this is so; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes: "Johnny." There is no response. "John-ny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed a moment later by a prolonged and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth like a soda bottle ejects a cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS.

In considering the case of the unfortunate Miss Bowles, of Boston, who fell down stairs and drove one of her hair-pins into her head until she died, we hardly know what remedy to propose for such accidents in the future. At the first blush it would seem right to demand a legislative enactment abolishing hair-pins. But it is clear that women must have hair-pins; and if hair-pins are forbidden, it is doubtful if women will not resign and leave us with desolate hearthstones and blighted affections, and with unruly infants to care for. It might prevent such disasters if we were to prohibit stairs. Or a remedy might be found in the abolition of the attraction of gravitation, so that women can't fall down stairs. Not that we would abolish it altogether, but dispense with it merely where there are stairs, or at the moments when women with hair-pins are coming down stairs. Or we might compel women to have thicker skulls, or to have their skulls red hot, so that they would fuse hair-pins which tried to enter. Or their skulls might be iron clad, or made of India rubber, so that the pins would rebound. We turn the subject over to the constitutional convention. It is as worthy of discussion as some of the matters which engage the attention of that body.—*Max Adeler.*

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Peoria Review has a musical critic who will soon be called upon to work in a higher field. He attended the Rubinstein concert, recently, and said: "M'lle Liebhart didn't leave a dry eye in the wigwam when she sang 'There suo plazhli kome,' and it was the general impression among her German auditors that she sang 'Rawbing Awdah' in English, while the English speaking inhabitants were equally positive that 'Robin Adair' was a German ballad. M'lle Ormeny had, and we suppose still retains, a magnificent voice for a fog whistle. Its compass was perfectly surprising. She would shake the chandelier with a wild whoop that made every man instinctly feel for his scalp, and follow it with a roar that would shame a bassoon."

BUSINESS WISDOM.

A young gentleman says: I went down to see my friend Joe in his store the other day. Joe went into his counting-room for a few moments; it was a wholesale store, and Joe sent out lots of drummers. I sat there as full of dignity as a new minister, when in came a fellow who took me for the boss; he took off his hat and showed some hair, and if it was like his mother's, I can swear his mother had yellow hair. In a voice as musical as the sound produced by tearing a yard of silk,

Says he, "I wish to see the head of your travelling bureau."

Says I, "The what?"

Says he, "The head of your travelling bureau."

Says I, "Young man, our bureau hasn't a head, and besides that we don't use travelling bureaus, we use trunks."

The young man left, and didn't say whether he would call again or not. He had such engaging manners, I guess he has made an engagement before this.

A NEW VERSION OF FAUST.

We have long meditated a re-organization of the drama of "Faust," for the purpose of causing it to end pleasantly. It always makes us sad to see Satan triumph and drag his victim down through the trap at last, while the scene-shifter flashes red fire up through the hole and singes Faust's legs. So we have re-written the piece in this manner: When the demon comes to Faust in the last act, and demands that the awful bargain shall be fulfilled, Faust asks to see the contract. The fiend produces it, signed with the victim's own blood. Then Faust utters a triumphant "Ha! ha!" and points to the fact that the contract is invalid because there is no stamp on it. The demon takes the case into the *nisi prius* court, (and here is a chance for one of those impressive court-scenes which always make us weep in the theatre, with a hopelessly imbecile supernumerary on the bench, and twelve idiots of a lower intellectual grade in the jury box,) and, after an exciting trial, a verdict is given for the defendant; and the fiend, with a yell of rage and disappointment, descends to eternal August to warm up things for the jurymen when they arrive. The play has been too lopsided heretofore. Hereafter we shall do better.—*Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.*

A RESIDENT of Germantown found something offensive in his last dozen of eggs, and took the dealer to task.

"What is the matter with them?" asked that individual.

"They are not good!" was the reply.

"Well, that can't be wondered at," was the apologetic rejoinder. "The hens are so drove, now, they ain't expected to be as particular as usual!"

WAITING FOR A GIFT.—Salesman—"Yes, ma'am; we are selling these goods less than cost, and if they are not all sold before the first of the month they will be given away." Sharp Customer—"Bedad, thin, I'll wait until afther the 'fust' afore I make any purchases."

☞ An old lady in the country had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For dessert there was an enormous apple pie. "La, ma'am," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?" "Easy enough," said the old lady; "we make the crust up in a wheel-barrow, wheel it under an apple-tree, and shake the fruit down into it."

WHAT A SLIPPER DID.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MARGARET AUDLEY DOUGLASS.

"Whither away, ladybird?" asked George Lambert, looking up from his newspaper, as his sister entered the room swinging her broad sun-hat by the strings.

"Out in the woods."

"What! with nothing on your feet except those thin slippers? Have you forgotten already what Will said yesterday?"

"No, but I consider him extremely impertinent," replied the girl, with a dignity comical when contrasted with her inches.

"Well, then, why not follow his advice, you headstrong child? Look how tanned your hands are; why, you will kill yourself if you persist much longer in acting as you are doing."

"Please hurry, and finish your lecture, George, I want to go." And Beatrice seated herself resignedly.

"It was not intended for a lecture; but, really, Trix, I can't imagine what has come over my little sister; she has become a perfect gypsy since—well, since Will Heberton came to stay with me."

The quick blood flushed her face, but she answered only by an impatient gesture.

"She is always in the woods now, sunburning herself, and comes home in the evening looking more like a Bohemian than a nineteenth-century young lady!"

"George!"

"Well, my lady?"

"I don't care *one* particle *what* Mr. Heberton says or thinks! I hate and despise him—yes, I do! I—"

"Very well, only don't demolish me with your eloquence! I believe it—and if you wish me to, I'll even believe you hate your old brother."

A look of penitence chased away the anger from Beatrice's bright face, and with a sudden movement her arms were thrown around her brother's neck, her lips touched his, and then, before he had time for another word, he was alone.

As he smoothed out his paper, which his sister's sudden caress had greatly rumpled, he said, to himself, with a quiet smile, "Poor Will is dreadfully smitten, and as for poor Miss Trix—well, girls are queer things!"

Before Trix reached the shadow of the trees she was almost tempted to turn back so intense was the heat, but pride and the dread of George's teasing prevented her, together with a distinct recollection that a certain gentleman had advised her stay within doors, to escape the heat, at least until sunset.

"No, if I go back he will think it was because *he* advised it. George thinks he is perfection, but it just happens *I* heard of the gentleman before seeing him; it was while I was at Aunt Molly's. Kate said he was a dreadful flirt, and half the girls were in love with him. At least he shall not flirt with *me*—I *hate* a flirt;" so engaged was she in thinking that she forgot to observe where she was walking, and, as she unconsciously delivered her last words aloud, with great emphasis, she found herself walking *over* the bank into the creek!

The bank was somewhat steep, and as she found herself sliding down slowly but surely toward the deep and rapid water, she seized a willow branch and fell back upon woman's never-failing recourse—she lifted up her voice, and to such good effect, that a strong arm was thrown around her, and in a minute more she was standing on the bank facing her deliverer.

She hardly noticed that it was Mr. Heberton who had rescued her, for she had turned faint and white from fright, until he said, pointing to a bed of green moss at the foot of a beech tree, "Sit down here and rest a little while."

He stood by watching her with a face of the deepest concern until he saw the blood begin to tinge the pale cheeks, then he said laughingly:

"Is this your usual method of amusing yourself, Miss Trix?"

That restored her composure, and she replied somewhat shortly:

"I am sorry you haven't penetration enough to see it was an accident."

"Please stay here, it is so pleasant under the shade of this beech; besides, I was so lonely that I came in search of you; please stay and amuse me," he said, with a slightly malicious stress on the word amuse, as she rose, as if to continue her walk.

"I am afraid you would find me a poor substitute for your city friends, besides, I am not skilled in amusing—*boys.*"

As she fired off her harmless little shaft, the brown eyes stole one look at him, as if to witness his utter annihilation, then the white lids drooped over them just in time to prevent her seeing the strange change that passed over his face and the rapid half motion of his hands toward her.

"I will run the risk," he replied, and obeying a sudden impulse she re-seated herself under the tree.

"Slippers again? Surely, Miss Trix, you almost deserve to get your feet hurt, the idea of walking three miles over brambles and stones, in such ridiculously thin things!" he exclaimed as he saw a little bronze slipper peeping from amid the folds of her dress.

"I am at a loss to discover what right you have to criticise my toilet, Mr. Heberton, and moreover I have a great objection to being advised by *you.*"

"So you have proved; but Trix, my right is because I *love* you, my darling," in spite of your waywardness. Her head was turned from him, but he saw the little brown fingers tremble, as they twisted themselves in and out among the honeysuckle sprays that hung from the branches overhead.

Catching them tightly in both his own he pleaded his suit in words which, if passion and sincerity had been available, might have awakened Galatea—but the little maiden to whom they were addressed neither moved nor spoke.

"Is it yes, Trix?" he asked.

"No." Her face was still turned from him. "I—I—" Then came a long pause.

"Trix," he said, pleadingly.

"I *hate* you." The word was little more than a whisper and there was something strangely like a sob in her voice.

Another long pause, and Will, sitting in the bright sunlight, stared blankly before him, wondering vaguely why the world had grown dark so suddenly.

At last he spoke, but all the fire and eagerness were gone.

"If you feel so toward me, my presence must make your home distasteful. I did not understand before. I will leave before you return home;" he turned abruptly, but the next moment retraced his steps to hold out his hands, and ask, pleadingly,

"Trix, will you say good-bye?"

She did not turn even then, and he, too proud or too much hurt to ask again, walked rapidly away and entered the wood.

For some time she sat in the same position, then rose slowly, with a dazed look on her face, as though she were waking from a dream.

"Loves me in spite of my waywardness"—she was mechanically quoting his words to herself, and hearing again the light tone in which he had spoken, man-like, to hide his emotion. "Even while he was speaking he could not hide how lightly he held my love—even while he said he loved me, he forced me to remember I was an untamed, country girl—if *I* loved would forget everything but my love, but *he*—oh, I *hate* him, and I am glad I shall never see him again—*never!*"

With a sudden burst of tears and a passionate cry, she threw herself down amid the long grass, and lying there wept as a woman weeps but once in her life.

After a time the sobs ceased—and sitting up, she pushed back her hair from her flushed face, and said aloud, apparently addressing herself to an asthmatic old frog, as there was no other living creature within hearing—"I am not crying for him at all; I detest him!" By way of emphasizing this avowal she struck her foot against a pebble, and sent it and, alas! her *slipper* also, skimming into the middle of the creek.

One glimpse she caught of it, just before the current carried it out of sight and reach. This calamity restored her composure; "three miles from home, and one slipper to walk it in—over briars and stones; I will stay where I am, perhaps some one will come to look for me, and if they do not I don't care much what becomes of me;" with which melancholy speech she rested her head on her hand; and seated thus, half an hour passed, an hour, two hours, and the only sounds which broke the stillness were half smothered sobs, as every now and then great tears would roll over the girl's cheek.

The shadows began to fall slantingly, and the sunbeams had long before gilded the tops of the trees, when a rustling among the leaves made her look up. Coming slowly along the river path, she saw Mr. Heberton; as he drew nearer she saw he carried her *slipper!*

Her first impulse was to run away, but prudence conquered, and she remained seated, covertly trying meanwhile to push her curls into order and press the creases from her dress; for a woman's sorrow must be overwhelming before she forgets to wonder *how she looks!*"

"I was crossing the bridge when your slipper floated past—and thinking the loss would inconvenience you, I brought it back, otherwise I would not have intruded."

As he walked toward her Beatrice had decided upon what course to pursue—she would be dignified—but ah me! how very much easier it is say than to do; at least she found it so; for when he ceased speaking and placed the slipper in her hand, she remembered all at once that her white dress was rumpled and stained from the grass, her hair had escaped from its braids and was hanging in a hundred careless curls over her shoulders—and last but *not* least, there was the pleasant uncertainty whether or not her eyes were red!

Under such circumstances dignity was out of the question, and her reply was very low and tremulous—"Thank you."

He did not move away, but stood looking at her with a new hope rising in his eyes, and she, to conceal the crimson flood that swept over her face, stooped to draw on her slipper. It was still damp from its trip down the creek, and in spite of her efforts obstinately refused to be drawn on. Without speaking he knelt down to assist her, and in doing so their hands came in contact and, involuntarily, the strong fingers closed over the fluttering little hand, and for a minute they looked into each other's eyes, then the deep fringed lashes swept her cheek, but her hand was not withdrawn.

Beatrice—my darling!" The passionate words gained no reply from the quivering lips, but the shy brown eyes were raised to his for a moment, and *their* answer seemed to satisfy him.

"Will you give me the slipper, sweetheart?" he said as they stood on the veranda that evening.

"For what?" questioned the great eyes, wonderingly.

"Because," he said, replying to the unspoken question, "if it had not been for this tiny piece of leather, I should never have had the courage to return. It was fate in a slipper, perhaps but a kind fate nevertheless—at least *I* think so, but, perhaps, *you* think not? Some one said *you* hated me!" but here his teasing speech was brought to an end by a pair of soft red lips touching his imploringly.

GENERALLY speaking, it may be said that to strike a child on the head with either the hand or a book or a rattan, is not a proper mode of punishment. The least physiological knowledge ought to convince any teacher that a violent blow on the head of a tender child may produce disturbance of the brain leading to the most serious results. A smart box on the ear is liable, by the concussion of the air upon the tympanum, to break the thin membrane, which is wonderfully sensitive to the most delicate vibrations, and permanently injure the hearing. There are other organs that may be injured by violence to the head. We should say that any teacher who makes it a practice to box or pull the ears of scholars, or cuff their heads with the hand or with a book, or who raps the skull anywhere with a ruler or rod, should be discharged for want of judgment and discretion, no matter what other be his qualifications.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

BROWN.—"Hullo, Jones! What's the matter?"

JONES (Amateur Tenor).—"Oh, dreadful chronic inflammation of the larynx! Lost my voice entirely!"

BROWN.—"Dear me! you don't mean that?"

JONES.—"Yes—been obliged to give up singing *altogether!*"

BROWN (with alacrity).—"By George, look here, old fellow! Come and dine with us to-night, and spend the evening."

WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

There is scarcely anything in itself so absolutely trivial as the friendship which in a certain class of society one woman forms for another, at the shortest possible notice, and as quickly repudiates. Gauged by fervency of outward demonstration, these states or phases of mutual liking are well worthy of the name of friendship, but they fail when tested by a more abiding standard. Satire despises so insignificant a target. The habit—for it is nothing more—is by most women soon outgrown, and is so entirely barren of results for good or for evil, that in the pauses of the more serious events of life it merely excites a passing smile. Those who from a point of interest nearer or more remote watch these ebbs and flows of affection, do not interfere, recognizing at once their folly and their harmlessness. It is possible, however, that, in tracing back these results to their cause, we may find some more definite piece of uselessness, which can at least be marked for destruction. If only this earth were trencher-shaped, as some long-headed man has tried in our time to show, staking money on his opinion, it would then be easy to cart away many nuisances and sheer absurdities of long standing, and tip them over the edge, leaving those who mourned their loss to follow them; but gravity acts alike on the useful and the useless. The wiser plan is to lay our finger with what precision we can on the unsound tree, and trust to some strong woodman of our own or a future generation to pass that way with his axe.

To return to our subject, the ephemeral nature of what are known as "women's friendships." They are seldom unworthily formed. The two women who, for an infinitely small space of their life's path are twined in thought and tastes, are in general equally matched, and it is rare for the union to be severed by the discovery of baseness on one side. On the other hand, we remember the case of a young man who had received the "finish" of a university education, falling in with a fellow countryman on the Continent, and after an acquaintance of exactly four days, bringing him home to stop at his mother's house. They arrived late at night, after the lady of the house had retired to bed; but when, in the morning, she expected to make the acquaintance of her son's friend, it was found that he and the spoons had vanished in the night. Such hastily-cemented friendships are, however, rare between men. The characteristic features of these brief flashes of friendship—cases in a desert of commonplace, as some young ladies would call them—are the gush and fervour with which they are sustained, and the quiet way in which they die a natural death.

Bible Quotations Not in the Bible.

There are many familiar phrases in constant use which the majority of people suppose have their origin in the Bible, and use them in that connection. The New York Observer corrects this error in the following manner. But, as the phrases are very fine, we still love to use them. To prevent misquotations from the Scriptures, it gives them thus:

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's "Sentimental Journey to Italy."

"In the midst of life we are in death." From the "Burial Service," and this was originally a hymn of Luther's.

"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." From the English Catechism.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scriptural form is, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."—Prov. xii., 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads, "Shall a nation be born at once?"

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of a friend." "Iron sharpeneth; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."—Proverbs xxvii, 17.

"That he who runs may read." "That he may run that readeth."—Hab. ii., 2.

"Owe no man anything but love." "Owe no man anything, but love one another."—Romans xiii., 8.

"Exalted to Heaven in point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

Eve was not Adam's helpmate, but merely a help meet for him; nor was Absalom's long hair the instrument of his destruction; his head, and not the hair upon it, having been caught in the boughs of the tree. (II Samuel, xviii., 9.) A London wig-maker once had a sign upon which was painted Absalom suspended from the branches of the oak by his hair, and underneath the following couplet:

"If Absalom hadn't worn his own hair,
He'd never been found a-hanging there."

☞ A noted Parisian beggar, who has profited by exhibiting the stumps of two amputated arms, was arrested recently for picking pockets. While eloquently declaiming against the imputation, he gesticulated with two sound hands which he had long advantageously concealed beneath his coat.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always *safer*, to send large packages by express.

J. O. B., (Thaxton, Va.,) asks: "1. Will washing with soap injure the skin? 2. Do you know any of your old subscribers before the war commenced at the present time? 3. What do you think of my writing?" 1. A good, mild soap will not. Others will. There are a great variety of soaps. The finer qualities can generally be used safely. For the face, carbonate of ammonia dissolved in water is often better than even the finer soaps. If the skin should become dry and rough after washing, use a little olive oil or cold cream. 2. Quite a number of our old subscribers have renewed their subscriptions. 3. Your writing is only moderately good.

C. P. asks: "You will please let me know where I can get a history of Humboldt's or Mungo Park's travels. Was there a lady in New York recently who has been travelling as Humboldt did? If so, has there been an account of her travels so far published, and where can I get it? What will be the probable cost of each of these books?" We have heard of no such lady traveller. There are numerous works descriptive of Humboldt's travels, and several describing Mungo Park's. Any bookseller can procure them for you. Price of each probably from two to four dollars.

L. A. S., (Addison Point, Me.,) asks: "What was Hortense's husband's name? He was a brother to Napoleon I., I believe." His name was Louis Buonaparte.

LAMA, (Cany, Ark.,) says: "Being a constant reader of your paper, I take the liberty of asking a few questions. 1st. How is Guida pronounced? 2d. What is the receipt for making angel's food? 3d. Are Christmas trees given on Christmas eve or Christmas day? 4th. What is your opinion of Valentines and April fools? 5th. How many times should a gentleman visit a lady before he makes his business known? I mean when he intends to address her. 6th. What is the meaning of Gretna Green? 7th. Is it right for a lady to give a gentleman her photograph? 8th. What should a lady reply when a gentleman tells her he loves her? If not, must she say so? 9th. Should a young lady receive presents from a gentleman. 10th. Your opinion of engagement rings? What style? 11th. What do you think of my writing?" 1st. We dash. 2d. We do not know what article of food bears this name. 3d. On Christmas day. 4th. That they are popular customs. 5th. That depends. The gentleman must be allowed to judge for himself, except in extreme cases. 6th. We answered this a week or two ago. It is a Scottish village, famous for its irregular marriages of runaway English couples. 7th. Yes, if she desires to do so, and is sufficiently intimate. 8th. Whatever she thinks best suited to the circumstances. She certainly should not say yes if she means no. 9th. We can give no answers that will apply generally. The circumstances and degree of acquaintanceship must decide. 10th. This depends on the taste of the parties concerned. Leave it to the gentleman. 11th. It is moderately good.

WILLIAM, (Pittsburgh, Pa.,) writes: "I read in your answers not long since, that hair dyes are injurious. Please inform me if the hair restoratives are so also? I have been told they are composed of sugar of lead and sulphur. I am growing quite gray, yes, white as snow, and at least twenty years too soon, and have been thinking of trying some one of the so called restoratives, but your reply, as mentioned above, has made me hesitate; what shall I do? Suppose you were on the sunny side of fifty, and your locks were blossoming as white as snow, what should you do? Use the nitrate of silver dye? or use the sugar of lead and sulphur mixture? I hate to be at church and hear the parson talk in his sermon about "the hoary locks of age." Why my old father has darker hair than mine. I would not care if my hair was gray, but to change from black to white before I am fifty years old! I can say no more. Advise your friend." Our advice is that you let the nitrate of silver and sugar of lead mixtures severely alone. They cannot be otherwise than injurious, and if used largely may seriously affect the health. It seems to vex you to have white hair at your age, but unless you can obtain some restorative whose composition you know, and know it to be innocent, you had better not meddle with anything. Ill health is a worse evil than vexation, and hoary locks are not disgraceful, even on a young man. White hair is greatly admired by the best judges of beauty. Only the other day we heard two young ladies wishing that their hair would turn white by the time they were thirty—they thought white hair the most beautiful kind, not only in itself, but for its effect in beautifying the face. This is the reason that it was once fashionable to use powder. You are worried therefore about nothing.

W. A. McC., (Williamsport, Pa.,) says: "I take the liberty to write to you once more on some subjects that I know very little about. 1st. What was the population of the Indian Territory in 1870? 2d. Of what height and how old ought an orange tree to be to warrant its being grafted? 3d. What is it that makes two different kinds of corn mix across a field? 4th. Is a sponge an animalcule or a zoophyte? 5th. What do you think of my spelling and writing?" 1st. About 50,000. 2d. We cannot say positively, but should judge about two years old. 3d. It is caused by the wind carrying the pollen of one variety of corn to the flower or tassel of the other, thus producing a hybrid variety. 4th. A zoophyte, which means an animal-plant. 5th. The spelling is correct, the writing poor.

NEPTUNE, (Genoa, Pa.,) says: "I have been a reader of your valuable paper for several years, and for the first time come to you for information. I have been corresponding with a young lady for some time. About two weeks ago she was on a visit to some of her friends in this neighborhood. When she returned home should she have written to me first or I to her? 2d. What is meant by "Pride's Purge" in English history? 3d. What do you think of my penmanship?" We do not consider it a matter of any special importance which writes first. The one who received the last letter before the visit, might consider it his or her duty to reply. But if the other had anything special to communicate there is no particular occasion to stand on ceremony. Friends should not stand too much on etiquette. 2d. The phrase refers to an incident that occurred during the English Revolution. The Long Parliament being unwilling to condemn Charles I, was *purged* of its unruly members by Colonel Pride, who entered the house with two regiments of soldiers, imprisoned 60, drove 160 into the street, and left only 60 of the more pliant members. Your penmanship is good.

L. S. B. (Lake, Miss.,) asks: "1st. Where is Dr. Livingstone now? 2d. Is Stanley's report of him true? 3d. Does the book recently published of Livingstone's travels include all his travels in Africa from the time he entered South Africa as a missionary to the present time? 4th. Where is Long Branch? 5th. Can you procure for me Parley's Panorama; or, Curiosities of Nature and Art, History and Biography, by S. C. Goodrich, and at what price? I would also like to know if you could send me the second volume of Cumming's Hunter's Life in Africa and price? Also price of both volumes?" 1st. Stanley's report has been questioned, but there is little doubt of its truth. According to it Dr. Livingstone is at or near a town in Central Africa, called Ujiji. Livingstone published two works, accounts of his first and second explorations. Nothing is known of his third, except from Stanley's report. 4th. Long Branch is a watering place on the New Jersey coast, 33 miles from New York. 5th. We do not know the work by that name. Cannot get the second volume by itself. The two volumes are worth $3.50.

M. R. W. (Matawan, N. Y.,) asks: "1st. When, where, and by whom were stoves first invented? 2d. How long ago is it since apple whisky was first distilled, and by whom? 3d. Do you believe that there are any such things as ghosts? 4th. Do you believe that —— can send a correct picture of my future wife by my sending my age and height, and color of hair and eyes? 5th. Who is the oldest man living now?" 1st. The modern stove is the product of many centuries of gradual improvement in the art of warming. It cannot be credited to any one man or period. Benjamin Franklin and Count Rumford were two very active and efficient workers in its production. 2d. The date of origin of this important branch of industry is not on record to our knowledge. 3d. We have never, to our knowledge, seen any. 4th. He would be better able to give your future wife a description of her husband, after being provided with all these particulars. Take our advice and have nothing to do with persons who promise such absurd things. 5th. This question is unanswerable. It is one of the few things which nobody knows—except that he is one of Gen. Washington's faithful negro servants.

SUSQUEHANNA, (Philadelphia,) asks: "Would a barometer operate if made of a small tube, about fourteen inches long, with a bore ¼ inch, or must it be larger? And what do you think of my writing?" We think such a tube would answer the purpose. Your writing is peculiar and not very attractive.

RURAL BUCKEYE, (Higginsport, O.,) asks: 1st. Of what are mourning pipes made? 2d. Is the —— published now? 3d. Who invented the game of cards? 4th. Who were the Druids? 5th. Who was Pan? 6th. What do you think of my handwriting, or what per cent. is it? 7th. Where can I get a work on Taxidermy, and at what price? 8th. What is the price of Reade's "Put yourself in his Place?" 9th. Can you get Dick's Encyclopedia for me, and at what price? 10th. What is the population of Philadelphia? 11th. Who is the editor of the Germantown Telegraph?" 1st. Of a fine clay, found in Asia Minor and parts of Europe. 3d. Yes. 5d. It is not known. Cards are said to have been invented to amuse Charles VI., in 1390. But this cannot be correct, as mention is made of them in 1275. They are probably Asiatic in origin. 4th. They were the priests of the Celtic race, when the latter first became known in history. 5th. The Grecian god of the flocks, pastures and forests; who afterward became considered as representing the universe. 6th. About 25. 7th. There are several such works. They can be bought at from one to two dollars. 8th. $1.25. 9th. We are not aware of there being any such work. If so, it must be out of print. 10th. Probably 700,000. 11th. The distinguished editor and agriculturist, Major Frese.

A. D. J., (Canton, Ga.,) asks: "1st. What is the meaning of the word Banshee? 2d. Where can I obtain Robert and Harold; or, The Young Marooners, by Rev. F. R. Goulding? 3d. At what date was Nero born? And what time was it he burned Rome? 4th. What time was it when Adherbal made his speech before the Senate of Rome against Jugurtha? 5th. What date was it that Cicero made his orations against Catiline and against Verres? 6. In what year was Alexander born? 7th. What time was it that Syphax and the Carthagenians invaded Numidia? 8th. What time was it that Godfrey and Tancred entered Palestine? 9th. What date was it that Cæsar crossed the Rubicon?" 1st. A supernatural being, supposed by the Irish peasantry to warn of approaching death by wailing a mournful air under the windows of the sick-room. 2nd. We can procure you the work. 3d. He was born A. D. 39. Burned Rome A. D. 64. 4th. About 118 B. C. 5th. Against Catiline 63 B. C. Against Verres about 70 B. C. 6th. In the year 356 B. C. 7th. About 213 B. C. 8th. In the year 1099 A. D. 9th. 60 B. C.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 9, 6, 17, is a plant.
My 15, 14, 9, 7, 17, 1, was a Revolutionary General.
My 18, 20, 19, 2, what we all wish to do in the world.
My 3, 14, 9, is a fruit.
My 10, 6, 13, belongs to the fishy tribe.
My 15, 20, 19, 9, 17, 18, 2, 8, 3, is a Spanish coin.
My 5, 4, 13, 6, 12, is not productive of harmony.
My 15, 17, 18, 11, a public place of resort.
My 16, 10, 3, 4, 21, the name of a girl.
My whole is a Scriptural quotation.

W. F. O.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. These were made to govern our land;
2. This a country with "coral strand;"
3. An Indian chieftain this may bear;
4. This man made many a Frenchman swear;
5. This for music was oft employed;
6. And this you always must avoid.

Take the initials, and finals too,
A lovely scene they bring to view.
To look at it will surely calm you,
At least, so thinks, yours truly,

Fort Totten, D. T. GAHMEW.

BURIED TOWNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1st. He slew as with a sword.
2d. Slim as a sapling, tall as an oak.
3d. They will go east on the steamer.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An Egyptian goddess.
To make known.
The name of a city.
A large waterfowl.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
Who will not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Clear-lear. 2. Sable-able. 3. Red-ed. 4. Proth-rath. 5. Brest-rest. 6. Dover-over. 7. Pearl-earl. 8. Clark-lark. 9. Fox-ox. 10. Race-ace.

WORD SQUARE—

A B O M A
B O R O N
O R I O N
M O O S E
A N N E X

PUZZLE—Wheat.

WORD SQUARE—

C U B A
U S E S
B E A K
A S K S

RECEIPTS.

RICH GRAVY.—Cut beef into thin slices, according to the quantity wanted; slice onions thin, and flour both, fry them of a light pale brown, but do not on any account suffer them to get black; put them into a stewpan, pour boiling water on the browning in the frying-pan, boil it up, and pour on the meat. Put to it a bunch of parsley, thyme, and savory, a small bit of knotted marjoram, the same of tarragon, some mace, allspice, whole black peppers, a clove or two, and a bit of ham, or a slice of bacon. Simmer till you have extracted all the juice of the meat, and be sure to skim the moment it boils, and often after.

TO SELECT EGGS.—There are several ways of determining whether or not eggs are fresh. If they shake like water, they are not. If both ends of the egg, when put to the mouth, are of the same temperature, they are bad; but if a perceptible difference in the heat is perceived, they may be depended upon as good eggs. If eggs swim, they are bad; if they rise nearly to the top, not fresh; if they sink, they are newly laid. Eggs newly laid are the best for the table; but for beating it is better they should have been laid three or four days. The eggs of overgrown hens are not as delicate as those of the common fowls; there is as much difference in the eggs as in the flesh of the birds. White eggs look much better on the table than brown shells. Eggs that are badly stained in the nest cannot be entirely cleaned so as to look neatly on the table. It is better to select clean-shelled eggs, brought to market by hand.

LEMON PIE.—The proportions are two lemons, four eggs, two tablespoons of melted butter, ten tablespoons of loaf-sugar. Grate the yellow rind of the lemon, beat together the rind, juice, sugar, and the yolks of the eggs until very light. Prepare a large tart pie, fill the pie with the mixture before baking the paste, and bake until the paste is done. Beat the whites stiff, and stir into them little by little one-fourth of a pound of sugar, spread it over the top, and bake a light brown. Cranberry, strawberry, or any juicy fruit can be prepared in exactly the same manner, and will be found superior.

We have discovered a first-rate home-made cement for filling up cracks in an old stove or range. The ingredients are wood ashes and salt; reduce to a soft paste with cold water, and fill the cracks when the stove or range is cool. The cement will soon become perfectly hard. We keep an iron spoon in an old tin-pan on hand, ready for duty whenever a crack appears. Fire-clay (obtained at the stove dealers) will sometimes answer, but our home-made cement is always at command.

☞ Dickens says: "I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."

☞ Legge, after his appointment as Bishop of Oxford, had the folly to ask two wits, Canning and Frere, to be present at his first sermon. "Well," said he, to Canning, "How did you like it?" "Well, I thought it was rather—short." "Oh, yes, I am aware it was short, but I was afraid of being tedious." "So you were," was the equivocal rejoinder.